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GREEK VIGNETTES.

*A SAIL IN THE GREEK SEAS,
SUMMER OF 1877.*

83758

BY

JAMES ALBERT HARRISON.

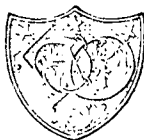
"The swallow brings us news
'Tis time to sell the winter cloak, and buy the summer blouse."

ARISTOPH. BIRDS, 714. JEBB.

"The sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination,
wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

SHAKSPERE.

W. E. - 44



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To

S. A. H. AND L. N. B.

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NOTE.

THIS little book is a record of a few weeks' travel in Greece last summer. It does not make the least claim to thoroughness ; no deep questions of archæology are discussed ; only the vivid impressions of the moment are given ; and the task of discussing the moral and political regeneration of the modern Greeks is left to more elaborate investigators. The journey was a delightful succession of pictorial surprises ; the landscape and the externalities of Greece could alone be noted, and there was no time for discussing Greek parliamentary reform, the subtler aspects of Greek character, or the inner and profounder life of this interesting people. The indulgence of the kindly reader is therefore asked for the many (doubtless) hasty judgments of these pages, the sudden transitions from subject to subject, the use of the present tense, and the constant recurrence of *I*. A book written in the fields, hotels, and ships, on one's knees, or sauntering

through olive groves with the thermometer 100° Fahrenheit, must be guilty of all these ; so slight and perishable a thread of oriental travel hardly deserves the memorializing help of print at all. The author, however, with due apologies, brings it before the public with the hope that it may attract more attention to a field still little explored by tourists.

J. A. H.

LEXINGTON, VA.

GREEK VIGNETTES.

I.

WE left Milan at 1.10 P. M. for Venice, by the express, and rode through blinding dust till a delicious thunder-storm broke upon us, and we arrived in Venice amid grand lightning and deafening thunder. We got a charming glimpse of Verona, Padua, and Lago di Garda as we passed. Mountains on the Swiss and Austrian side and endless fields and vineyards on the other; crowds of people coming and going all the time. There was one poor German girl in distress: she seemed to have difficulty in understanding or being understood. We reached Venice at 7.45 A. M., covered with dust and fatigue, took a gondola, and were wafted (there is no other way to express the delightful motion) to the Hotel Victoria, where we flew into the arms (figuratively) of several waiters, all affectionately marshaled on the marble steps to receive us. Then we were taken up to the oddest sort of a room with double doors and windows that looked

nowhere, alcoves that concealed nothing, a floor tessellated in a sort of composition looking like Castile soap, and a pudgy bed hung with muslin to keep out mosquitoes. Despite this chamber of horrors, however, we had a delightful dinner and refreshing night's rest and then got up and rambled over our old haunts again, — the Piazza, San Marco, the Doge's Palace, the Piazzetta, etc. All seemed so fresh and familiar, so old and strange. A pale gray day: towards evening we witnessed a magnificent sunset from the campanile of San Marco's, — gold and pink. There was a band of music playing in the square, and an innumerable multitude of promenaders, while the full moon rose in dazzling mellowness and glorified the scene. To-day was indescribably beautiful; full of golden sunshine as a rose is of bloom or a bright eye with tears. I took a gondola and was rowed up the Grand Canal, out into the lagoon, over to Murano, and back by Malamocco (where there is splendid surf-bathing) and the Armenian convent. What a lovely place this is! With a garden full of blooming oleander and magnolia, a series of exquisite landscapes breaking in on you through every window, and an ineffable tranquillity. (Plague take these *Acqua! acqua fresca!* criers, who disturb one's meditations at every moment!) Except Tasso's Garden, I have never seen so lovely a spot. We saw letters there

from Longfellow and Bryant and a host of celebrities, after which we went through the library and church and got a glimpse of the precious illuminated breviaries and MSS. We were shown Lord Byron's autograph and inkstand, then through picture-galleries, museum, printing room, and refectory. The garden was in infinite bloom, incomparable geraniums making great spots of Tizianesque color, tall cypresses casting ebon shadows, sweetness and peace diffused over the whole place, and such a gentle-faced, gentle-mannered padre for a guide. It's true his French was n't good, but I have seldom seen a sweeter face. *Anda in pace.*

We got back to the *Victoria* thoroughly wearied, and are now about to start for Trieste (11.30 P. M.), where I hope to arrive to-morrow. *Buona Notte!*

We arrived at Ancona, on the Italian coast, at 6, after a most beautiful sail down the Adriatic from Trieste, which we left yesterday afternoon at 4. We are in a Lloyd's coasting steamer going from Trieste to Smyrna, and touching at Ancona, Brindisi, Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Cerigo, and Syra (all but the last Ionian Islands), a trip which I have long desired to make. The steamer is a charming little screw, the *Orceste*, with cool, well-ventilated cabin, and one of the tidiest state-rooms I ever had, curtained, with two port-holes whence brilliant views may be caught

to seaward as through the end of a telescope ; heavy plate-glass mirror and luxurious lounge, withal high-ceilinged, and scrupulously clean. The view the whole afternoon after we had turned our backs on Trieste was indescribable. The wind blew gently and freshly right behind us, just curling the waves till they laughed and lapsed over into sparkling white caps, while the grand Austrian Alps hung over the northwestern shore as if to take a last look at us. They were snow-capped in places. Imagine their exquisite beauty veiled by this wonderful azure air and glimmering blue-white through the film of transparent atmosphere between. The head of the Adriatic with Trieste as a brooch is a vast amphitheatre of semi-encircling mountains, a scene and centre of unrivaled fertility. From Navresina, where we changed coming from Venice to Trieste it is more than a garden. The mountains of Udine are great belts of luxurious vegetation. The vine creeps all over their sides ; the fig grows wild, apparently ; an infinite garden follows the railway ; delicious glimpses of the Adriatic peep in through the great rents in the blasted rock ; the road is high up on the mountain side, and deep below the sea is rimmed and embroidered with bright flower-inclosed villas, where the Austrian and Italian nobility go into villeggiatura in the summer. What an eye for the pict-

uresque these strange, matter-of-fact railway people seem to have! Or is engineering an imaginative science? They select their sites as carefully as a poet would the subject for an epic poem. This run from Cormous to Trieste is truly epic. We could see Miramar far beneath on a promontory, — Miramar of tender and pathetic memory. It is a white, gleaming villa-castle, laved by the Adriatic and imbedded in trees and flowers. I did not have time to go up and visit it. We passed a restless night coming from Venice, starting up in tremulous excitement every half hour from brief snatches of sleep, to see whether we had reached the place for changing trains, and then having intervals of intense sleep in between, for we were fagged and satiated with the desert-like scenery of Venice. Every now and then during the night I would break out into floods of inspired Italian, inspired or injected into me through horror of getting out at the wrong place. It's amazing what feats of memory one will perform in need. I quite astonished my *battellicre* in Venice, after his long spasms of excruciating French, by unexpectedly breaking out into fluent Italian. "Signore comprende Italiano bene," cried he, quite offended, as if I had been taking an unbecoming advantage of him. His indignation was flattering. Where the Italian came from I do not know; but I found

myself chattering away as we gondolaed about among the lovely isles and lagoons, now shooting out into broad sheets of trembling green sunlight, now floating into the shadow of ancient walls and gardens on some remote *isola*, where the perfumes of oleanders were wafted to us over the convent walls, or a deep-toned bell came vibrating with strange sweetness over the water. What a luminous, languid day it was, with its evening wing sprinkled with iridescent light, like a peacock's; far-off mountains of Padova and Udine standing in breathless calms and windless sea, momentarily expecting to be doubled by a mirage; the mighty roll of the surf on the long shore of Malamocco; the cries of the mad people as we passed the immense Spitali dei Pazzi, and Venice lying along the distance with innumerable towers and palaces, all enchanted into sudden brilliance. But, best of all, dear old San Lazzaro took my fancy, — a convent where the twenty *religieux* who now dwell there must pass a heaven of peace and sunniness and gentle calm. The crimson of its oleanders and the whiteness of its blossoming magnolias, the blaze of its geraniums and the slender shafts of its cypresses, the vine-trellised pillars and long succession of cool cloisters, are now before me. I could not keep my eyes off the marvelous views from the windows. Picture-galleries, curiosities, scientific cabinet,

the noble library of thirty thousand volumes in vellum, all were as nothing to this splendor and shock and surprise of ever succeeding beauty. "What a beautiful view you have here," said I to the guide in French, when we came into the ornithological department, where numbers of bright-plumed birds and butterflies looked out from their glass cases on us, and the ceiling was one sheet of sunny painting. "Bellissima!" said the gentle padre, forgetting his French and gazing wistfully out on the magnificent landscape stretched in blue and gold before us. There were Armenian inscriptions everywhere; one over the refectory door that he interpreted for me: "Silence." He showed me pictures of their gorgeous canonical robes, a volume of Armenian liturgies printed in thirty different languages, photographs of George Lord Byron (one of which we purchased), pictures of the convent garden (a blessed spot of sunshine and blossoming sweetness), memories of the convent in many a widely-separated speech, Turkish proverbs translated into English, ancient illuminated MSS., etc. I was loath to leave. What a strange contrast between this poetic quietude and fullness of refinement and the wild cries of the madmen as we passed their asylum quite near! Such contrasts are found everywhere in life.

I did not at first understand my *gondoliere*,

and thought the Ile des Fous was a hospital and they were having a sort of Hospital Sunday, there seemed such a wild gayety in their cries. The whole immense establishment seemed vocal with noises, singing, shouting, quick talk, and indistinguishable murmurs. There is a sparkle in these poor Italian people that not even madness can quench. What uncanny vivacity they have, how their eyes flash at nothing, — those crystalline lenses of fire and dew ; how they gesticulate and intone in their melodious language ! We found the cries of the boatmen of Venice very interesting. They have a peculiar warning cry when they are turning a corner, and even carry on animated dialogues as they pass one another, having a laugh or a jest for everybody, — the straw-hatted, blue-ribboned, bright-sashed rascals ! I am told they are a most honorable class. A class of superannuated gondolieri eke out a miserable life by hauling in the gondolas that land at different places and making them secure. I thought they were impertinent lazzaroni and generally turned away impatiently till I heard their sad story. Many of them wear a caftan. In Venice the flower-girls *will* put a bouquet into your button-hole, so you had just as well submit ; and the *caramelle* sellers with their basket of dainties, their cherries, or little sharp sticks dipped in syrup, etc., are a constant annoyance. And the

women in men's hats carrying huge copper buckets of water from the fountains in the Doge's Palace! And these fountains, themselves of the sixteenth century, with beautifully moulded bas-reliefs in copper, too! And the pigeons in legions that haunt the square and light all over you if you throw them anything. What a fantastic place is Venice!

Well, the whole evening after we left Trieste was one of singular loveliness. The steamer was not fast and we had time to take in the varied sea and landscapes that passed panoramically before us. On one side, the dim Euganean Hills overhung by the dazzling apparition of the Austrian Alps, for they were as faint as an apparition; on the other, the picturesquely indented shore of Istria, dotted with villages and campaniles, curving harbors and long lines of white hamlets stretching along it. The Adriatic was alive with fishers and their boats; some with bright yellow sails, others with brilliant red, others with red and yellow stripes, and still others painted, some with crosses and globes, others with regular pictures. Many of them were leg-of-mutton rigged schooners. They looked like bright birds skimming over the clear green water, parting it into a long white moustache of brilliant foam, and speeding it like Homer's *ἔπει πτέρωντα*. Trieste harbor was full of them as well

as of picturesque costumes, — Greek, Turk, Dalmatian, and Albanian peasants, Portuguese, negroes, and dark-visaged, wide-trousered mariners from all parts. The harbor abounded in shipping, too. Trieste is the seat of one branch of the immense Lloyd corporation, and their office there is a palace in its proportions. We passed one light-house and castle after another ; one arrowy campanile and church-spire after another ; and the sun set in a sea of gold and lighted up the mighty amphitheatre like the vast candela-brum of some giant opera-house. I remarked the velvety sheen and softness of the sky, an appearance which I had never noticed before. It was like the thickest, softest quilted silk. With us and in our metallic white light there is no such radiance of softness ; no such color as of cream-tinted porcelain.

Wearied with so much beauty, we went down to our state-room and took a nap, — not, however, before we had dined. An odd dinner it was, too ! It consisted of five or six courses, all more or less meagre and curious. The first was a mimic mountain of *rice* permeated with some sort of gravy and moulded artistically on a great platter ; then a course of sardines and olive oil and slices of thin, round sausage ; then roast or fried veal and potatoes ; then cheese and bread ; then wild strawberries with lemon-juice ; then some deli-

cious cherries. When I came up on deck again, about 9 o'clock, the full moon was flooding the eastern sea with gold, — a long river of rippling illumination more pearly-soft than anything we know in our sharp climate. After enjoying the glorious warm breeze I went below, and, despite nocturnal visitors, slept well.

The ship, which is a small one, rolled somewhat in the night. The captain fortunately speaks English, which nobody else on board seems to do, but some of the engineers, I am told, speak German. We arrived here (Ancona) early this morning. Immediately the ship was surrounded by clamorous boatmen, dancing about with astonishing volubility, out-doing one another in bids for passengers, of which there were very few. It is truly a "magneefecent" coast, as the captain says with his strong Italian accent. There are two moles which hem in the harbor on each side and create a fine and spacious basin for ships. We are at anchor, and remain here till 10 to-night. I shall go ashore presently and make a few explorations. The cathedral is, they say, worth seeing. I hear many bells ringing, as one always does in Italian towns. We even heard the scream of the railway whistle just now. The coast is precipitous and the houses are built one above another. The cathedral stands in the most striking place of all, and there are vari-

ous picturesque fortifications crowning different heights.

The water at Ancona is of the most beautiful color, — light green in the harbor and dark green in the Adriatic. The line where they join is distinctly seen. Near us is a queer lugger with leg-of-mutton rig, full of fishermen. Her sails are greenish yellow and black. At a distance there are two others with gaudily painted sails flung gayly in the wind. The passenger boats have awnings. What a fresh, vivid breeze comes in from the sea! No color-box could rival these hues of Italian sea and land. There were some queer-looking steerage passengers on board with green and white sashes, sandals, full breeches, and oriental caps. They slept on a piece of tarpaulin under the open sky all night, I believe. This morning, at 6.30 we had *café noir* or *café au-lait*, as we liked, with bread and crackers. At 11 there is a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Our awning makes grateful shade, for the sun is exceedingly bright. Everywhere over the water I hear the quick gallop of the Italian tongue. There seems to be no particular sentence-accent to it, no inflections like the French or English. It is quick, sharp, rolling, and monotonous gobble, gobble, gobble. On our ship we are given four meals a day, — *mattina*, tea or coffee with bread; *colazione* (luncheon), eggs, two hot dishes, salami, cheese,

fruit, and bread, *café noir*; *pranzo* (dinner at 5), soup, four hot dishes, pie or pudding, fruit and cheese; *sera* (supper), tea or coffee, with milk or spirits, bread and butter. Wine is extra. There is change of plates, even if you take a sardine. Olives, pickles, and condiments are used in abundance as a sort of alimentary oakum to fill up the chinks. Lemon-juice on the strawberries is delicious and gives a peculiar and pleasant piquancy. The Italians, like the Germans, eat with their knives and fingers. Yesterday, in the Hôtel de la Ville at Trieste, we were given grated cheese to sprinkle in our soup, and there was (as a rarity) wine at the table d'hôte. An ugly, scrofulous-faced Italian, too, ogled and grimaced, as he improvised and drank healths in champagne to a lady. He had a singularly malign and sinister face, hardly any nose, and a great, wide, flat face and gleaming teeth. He wore a pair of huge eyeglasses and grinned perpetually. The whole *menu* reeked of grease.

Trieste is a gay place, so full of sailors and moving population. I noticed countless white steers yoked singly or in twos to wagons. This seems to be a favorite draft animal with the Triestais. The scene in the fish-market was very lively — fruits, flowers, fish, and vegetables, all in heterogeneous confusion, everybody shouting and trafficking, the *cochers* winking at you to take

their vehicles, the flower-sellers thrusting pinks and violets into your hands, the lazzaroni yawning and begging, the air white with limestone dust, through which the sun beamed, like snow, strawberries and cherries and oranges in tons, equally attractive to flies, urchins, and market-people. The town-hall and theatre are fine buildings. I no sooner entered the hotel than I was pounced upon by a lantern-jawed *commissionnaire* who with ready officiousness insisted on doing everything for me in a trice, — get my ticket, take my name, guide me about, drive me to Miramar, change my money, flood me with miscellaneous information; in short, lick my boots and pick my pockets, if necessary. A cringing, saucy creature, a sort of ambidexter in humility and insolence. I have an instinctive aversion to such fellows, and they seem to have an instinctive affinity for me. As soon as he found I could speak a little German and get along very well for myself, that was quite sufficient; I was dropped like a hot cake, and had no more trouble with the fellow. These men are often unprincipled scoundrels. Everywhere money is stolen from one when changed by hotel-clerks, stewards, etc. An Englishwoman whom we met in Venice, and who knew them well, said she never saw such people for lying and bribery as the Italians. "If you could only believe one word they say!" said she. I had it

exemplified in Trieste, where a lying omnibus-driver came near convincing me that the vessel sailed at 10 and not at 4, when I was rescued from his claws by some of the by-standers. He took the rebuff with the utmost coolness, and said, "Well, the gentleman could deposit his baggage at the steamer!"

And the insolent head-waiters, *camerieri*, *sommeliers*, and *oberkellner* one meets in England, France, and Germany! Creatures in white neck-tie (which ought to be the gallows-string of half of them) and swallow-tail, side-whiskers and hair parted in the middle, "foolish, fat scullions" as full of puff and self-importance as one of Æolus' bags was with wind. I cherish the profoundest horror of these important personages. They meet you at the hotel door and greet you lovingly when you are departing in the hope of a franc or a lira or whatever it is. I never give them anything if I can possibly avoid it. But the faithful *hausknecht* or boots, often with a wife and numerous offspring, ought always to be remembered. The steward on the steamship *Spain* (our Atlantic steamer) who performed this office was the most ghastly-looking object from loss of sleep and ill-health I ever saw. He said he made up for it by sleeping on land! On our present ship there is a framed notice in five languages, — English, German, French, Italian, and Greek, — giving

various notices to the passengers, with a table of wine-tariffs and a table of values for gold coins. The vivacious Greeks will, I suppose, cheat us out of half our remaining possessions through our ignorance of their complicated currency, *drachmæ*, *lepta*, *oboli*, *colonnati*, *tallari*, and what not. Spanish dollars of six drachmæ are their favorite coin. Gold coins are scarce in Greece. I believe they even still reckon in Turkish piastres. The Socratic *obolus*, used still in Greece, is an imaginary coin like the *paolo* in Italy, and the shilling with us. Every contract with inn-keepers, muleteers, and boatmen must be made in writing or everything will turn out to one's disadvantage. If I escape from them as well as Lord Byron did from Dr. Romanell's prescriptions I shall be happy.

The mosquitoes will be annoying, as they were in Venice. What does Baedeker mean by a "sort of gnats with gauze wings?"¹ And Murray speaks of "gnats," which are entirely different things. One already thirsts for the delicious land scenery of Greece, over which even Murray grows poetic. The habit of making guide-books and binding them in red leather is fatal to the imagination. What imagination can there be in these mechanical manufactures, guide-books, which

¹ Hélas! I bitterly found out what Baedeker meant after a few days in Athens. The Greek *κῶνωψ* and *σκήψ* are not agreeable acquaintances.

some enterprising firm engages a Peregrine Pickle to write up for it at short notice, and which discourse of everything — scenery, customs, geography, geology, currency, hotels, and vermin — in the same breath; alternate pictures of the Parthenon, and Maynard's Patent Protector against Bugs; the street of Tombs with Sir George Somebody's chinchifuge? It sets one's head in a whirl. Quotations from the Odyssey and Iliad will not consort with lazzaroni, thieves, and free *pratique*. How much better are Augustus Hare's charming "Walks!" But as soon as a guide-book sets about a determined and resolute description of a point, nearly all the interest vanishes and the reader becomes the prey of desperate ennui. Far more pleasant is a "Rambles in Greece" like Mahaffy's, or a "Grèce Contemporaine" by About, — books which really interest; the one a work of genius, the other a work of scholarship. A set guide-book is an infinite weariness. Interested as one is in all that relates to modern and ancient Greece, it is all but impossible to get up an interest in Murray's compilation. The whole subject petrifies as if it had been dipped in an Irish bog. Set adjectives are doled out here and there; iron routes are laid down and planted before you like railways; gulfs, rivers, seas, and lakes freeze as you read about them; classical topography becomes a monstrous bore, and Thu-

cydides and Sophocles automatons milling out quotations that all invariably appear singularly infelicitous. Where is the purple sheen of the Greek seas, the sculptured, sunny coast, the infinite breeziness and beauty of the island pictures and panoramas, the ilex and arbutus-clad heights and promontories, the sites of the temples on starry altitudes, the dreaming and desolate cities which Cicero so pathetically mourned ; in short, the whole movement and dance and gayety and pathos of Greek scenery ? It becomes naught under such processes of disenchantment. Guide-books are purely commercial enterprises. They lack the essential characteristic,—purposelessness. So soon as you set to work to tell people *all* about a thing you in reality tell them nothing. It is looking for the fairy-ring in broad daylight. The fairy-land of Greece loves an uncertain moonlight of inquiry,—a careless, lover-like traveler who takes in the weird richness of the air and water and land without building roads through them or erecting works of engineering on Calypso's isle. Hence the marvelous charm of Hawthorne's incidental descriptions, and passages in Gautier's oriental travels. Lamartine and Chateaubriand, Goethe and Emerson have the same gift. Traveling with such guides over Greece would be divine. It is a wonder that publishers don't engage men of real genius to do their work. Such compila-

tions as even the best American-European guides are intolerable. The English is poor, the descriptions mechanical, the information meagre, and the tone false. I left A. at home in disgust,—a work which professed to run over the whole of Europe in one volume, octavo. A pretty mess it makes of it, too! As well print and bind the waves of the Atlantic. And then, in the loquacious commissionnaire-like desire to tell you everything, they tell you nothing and leave your hands full of ashes like Dead Sea apples. I carried such a pack of printed scoriæ with me to Europe one summer,—one of those universal guides and gazetteers,—and resolved never to do so again. Here, in the very face of Greece, one feels Greece oozing away from one through Murray's fingers. I fear I shall be completely *désillusionné* by the time I get there. How can you enjoy a mountain when you are told exactly how many feet high it is, its latitude and longitude, productions, barometric, thermometric, and diabolic and geologic changes, distances from such and such unpronounceable points, botany, and general constitution? Does not the whole thing become like the labeled horrors of a zoölogical museum? Of course it is undeniable that there is much indispensable information given,—customs, passports, money, servants, hotels, shops and shopping, quarantine steamers, consuls, and routes; but a book like

Bradshaw does all this and more, for it does not pretend to go into elaborate pen-and-ink delineations. You expect more from a red leather octavo that cost fifteen shillings.

The sail from Ancona to Brindisi was delightful, — cloudless skies and perfect nights. Occasionally we would meet a felucca, curiously rigged and full of wild-looking mariners, such as the author of "Eothen" describes, — a great broad-bottomed Homeric *σχεδία*, with three or four fantastic triangular sails arranged at different angles to one another, — purely, as it would seem, for pictorial effect, for they are the most unpractical of sails conceivable, and let all the wind go by. How fanciful and picture-like they looked, on the breezy Adriatic, almost out of sight of land! I nearly always noticed two together, — Jesuits of the sea. Heaven only knows what the dialect of these fishermen is. At Corfu they put Greek terminations to their Italian. The speech of this entire region is an indescribable mosaic, — Turkish, Albanian, Italian, Greek, and Spanish patois, the pigeon-English of the Mediterranean. The coast of Italy was dimly descried all day yesterday. I could see the snow-surtouted Apennines, peering, vision-like, through sun-lit mist. The opposite Greek coast was, of course, too distant for observation. Our little steamer sails along blandly and hardily, without saying aught to anybody.

There is no observation-taking, nor dividing the day into bells, nor comparison of local with chronometer time, as on the Atlantic, not even a plummet let down, or a knot-measure. They go straight ahead, apparently by the dead reckoning. Our captain's favorite exclamation is, "Ah, diavolo! Ah, diavoli!" He is a sharp-eyed, pigeon-toed Italian, with a peremptory air and a light step. There is now no passenger beside myself.

We got to Brindisi very early this morning. A small, sinuous, river-like harbor, with little shipping and not much capacity. Vergil died here, and (curious association of ideas!) the famous Appian Way had its end at the same Brindisi. How pleasant it would be to read the "Voyage to Brundisium" here. It is a pretty place, a gleaming sea and atmosphere, ships coaling, row-boats innumerable skimming the rippling water, half naked lazzaroni lounging on the quay, pink and yellow and white houses lining the shore, feluccas flinging their light sails to the wind, an antique column rising and overlooking the harbor, the strange-windowed Hôtel des Indes Orientales with its rose-colored façade, the bright green water curled into an infinite emerald irregularity, and the softest of breezes, — altogether a gay little picture. To-day we had delicious figs and apricots for lunch. Also grilled tomatoes with veal, stuffed veal with green peas

and gravy, an omelette and *café nero*, which is good fare for an Italian ship. The state-rooms, small as our vessel is, are the most comfortable I have ever inhabited, and I am no inconsiderable traveler. There are two stewards or *camerieri*, — a tall, loud-voiced one, and a small, frowsy-haired one. The tea and coffee we get on board are the only drinkable tea and coffee I have encountered on the sea. The Italians certainly excel in coffee and in ice-cream.

A scene of exquisite beauty is before me. The Ionian Sea, like the most dazzling blue silk, lies in front. On the coast is the lofty and barren Albanian mountain-range, treeless and desolate, cleaving the lucid atmosphere like a sharp scimitar, and seamed and indented with mountain torrents and caves. They are full of silvery blue shadows. In this cloth-of-gold air what a distance one can see! We have just passed a white limestone island, apparently uninhabited; others are scattered, like silver on opal, over the blue Ionian. We are approaching Corfu, the Corcyra of the ancients, identified by Thucydides with the Phæacia of the *Odyssey*. If so, we are in the fairy-land of Homer. I have seen, as yet, but one light-house on all these islands; an occasional felucca dipping up on the horizon, or a ship-like crag at a great distance. The air seems full of Penelope's web, — a delicate irritat-

ing gauze, that makes a wonder-land of all these rugged rocks, but worries and thwarts you. Was there ever a storm in these placid seas? Can we here enter into the experiences of Odysseus on his tempestuous wanderings?¹ This blue and silvery beauty is indeed that "azure morn" of which Theocritus speaks,—a morn that colors the seas, paints the atmosphere, makes the mountains opalescent, and touches the horizon with milky whiteness. This looks like a vast lake. The most beautiful white clouds hang picturesquely over the peaks of the Albanian range, scattering opaque but prismatic shadows all over its sides and letting in a flood of sunbeams to illumine sharply other portions. The scenery just here reminds one of Lake Champlain.

We took on several new passengers at Brindisi, — a blonde and a brun Italian, strange-costumed steerage passengers, etc. At breakfast we were all quite funereal; spending the time alternately eating and casting furtive glances at one another. Not a word was said. A *melée* of rice and gravy, seasoned with tomatoes and garnished with chicken-livers, was one of our dishes. They poach eggs capitally, and the fruit continues good. How one could sail a life-time away on such water, — windless, stormless, rimmed in by fairy mountains, lit-

¹ Kinglake considered Odysseus' voyage of ten years from Troy to Ithaca quite moderate!

erally spangled with bright islands, cloudless, sapphire-iridescent, a silvery infinitude, land-locked, — not even a gull to be seen, nor a white-sailed felucca. It is the land of the Lotus-eaters — of the afternoon. This must be Corfu in front of us, — a long, irregular, mountainous island, looking as if it had basked in the pitiless sunlight since the Pisistratidæ, with a white gleam along the shore as of surf, or sunlight, or sand, dotted over with spare trees, all standing so wonderfully revealed, like a piece of sculpture. Cypresses puncture the air in groups, and soft slopes and swells are beginning to heave in sight. The Albanian shore continues grand and blue-gray. We run within a short distance of it. One end of Corfu is only a mile or so off from the Albanian main-land, — that province which has given the national dress to the Greeks, the descendants of the ancient Illyrians, whose language Whitney puts down with Etruscan and Basque, as *possibly* Indo-European. I see houses here and there, and what seem like farms on the Corfu side. Not a human dwelling on the opposite coast. A light-house on a cream-colored rock, rising out of the blue sea, is just on the left. There is a marvelous calm over everything. What little wind there is is behind us. A ship in full sail is just along-side. The wonderful panorama of the Strait of Corfu opens before us : long vanishing

lines of ethereal-looking mountains, a sky dyed with the intense pale blue of great heat, "dark purple spheres of sea" and "summer isles of Eden," passionate color on earth and sky, bald crags and precipices, ever-looming distances hung with islands as with purple fruits: behind us the dazzling curve of sea down which we have come, with a marble-like islet in the foreground touched here and there with arbutus and olive, and the grand azure arm of the Albanian Mountains, reaching scythe-like around the outer edge of our course — all is one wavy world of luminous water, carved into scintillant gulfs and indentations against the bosom of the opposing coasts. It looks more as if we were sailing in the sky than on the sea. They speak of fearful hurricanes and thunder-storms in these seas. As well speak of hurricanes and thunder-storms in Paradise. The moon was as sunny as an apricot last night. To-day the sun has powdered the air with gold dust. There is heat, but it is tempered by the salt sea. I do not see how we shall escape from this thick woven net of coast, — coast in front, behind, on each side. But on we go, with the wind changed and blowing right in our faces.

There is a great stalwart Greek promenading up and down the lower deck dressed in white petticoats, long white stockings, loose green

jacket, and red caftan, with gaiters. Another in a vivid red caftan with long, pendant blue tassel, close-fitting jacket, wide blue cottonnade trousers gathered at the knee, and white stockings.

Looking back behind our ship is even more wonderful than looking forward. It is like the finest scenery of Lake Como or Lago Maggiore, — the sea one sheet of waveless blue, the atmosphere so limpid that you seem to see behind the mountains whose crests stand out in it in a thousand bright and illustrated forms, ships becalmed in this Circe-like lake, a flight of tremulous zephyrs hovering about your face and hair all the time, the whole one picture of radiance and voluptuousness. I am obliged to abandon my blood-and-thunder Italian romance every moment to gaze on this enchanting landscape. It is the crystal sky of Hellas, the “surpassing ether” of Euripides, the land of the snowy egret and the crested hoopœ, of light and affability and brilliance. We shall soon be passing down the huge Acroceraunian Mountains, in among the islands scattered like a shivered necklace over the sea, — Zante, Cephalonia, Cerigo, — islands full of wine and sharp aromatic scents, silver-leaved olives and glowing oleander. There is indescribable refreshment in this light, buoyant air. Though it is hot, there is an elasticity and a joyousness in it that does not inspire languor. It is not the

attar-of-roses atmosphere of Italy. There is a spice of Greek airiness and lightness in it, just the difference between a winged epigram of Archilochus and an ode of Petrarch. But yonder is Corfu in sight, — the city! How it steals on one out of its sunny corner, with the high mountain behind, concealed, as it were, in the folds of this shining atmosphere. I wondered what we were making straight for.

What a place of thronging memories is Corfu. The oldest sea-fight on record was fought by the Corcyræans. Here harbored the great Athenian fleet before the fatal expedition to Sicily. A few miles off, in a small bay "hardly large enough," said Lord Byron, "for two frigates to manœuvre in," took place the Battle of Actium. A little farther down, in 1571, occurred the Battle of Lepanto. Innumerable souvenirs of Greeks and crusaders, Venetians and Turks, cluster about the place. Christian and profane have fought for it. Jew and Gentile have rested and wrestled there. Greek temples and grand Venetian fortifications have crowned and still crown in part its lovely crags. The island is a spacious park, a paradise, in the sense of Xenophon and the Orient, of currant vineyards, myrtle, arbutus, the glorious blossomed rhododaphne, gnarled olives, wild aloe and cactus, orange groves and mastic. Its situation is really incomparable. It is a kind

of semicircle of tall, interlaced houses and fortresses, Greek churches, ξενοδόχεια, arcaded promenades like an Italian city, and cypress-tufted slopes. How warm and soft-tinted the yellow and red houses looked in the brilliant sunset yesterday evening! With my glass I could almost see what they had for table d'hôte at the Ξενοδόχειον Κωνσταντινούπολις, the first Greek hotel in the Levant I have seen. And what flight and tarantella-dance of swallows in the air over the steep roof and the minaret-like cypresses. The whole burg and town of Corfu glowed with richness and harmony in the vesper light. In front, a lovely bit of color in the shape of the soft green Island of Vido thrown on the water like a great bed of green moss; behind, the towering mountains of San Salvador, spotted and spangled in the rich gloom with little glistening white Greek villages; opposite, the fine coast of Epirus, where cliff and crag seem to have performed a Pyrrhic dance, they seem to be so mountainously and marvelously heaped over one another; in the eastern distance, the cloud-wreathed pinnacles of Pindus with the strange Ottoman villages of Albania clinging like eagles' nests to the intervening mountain-sides, — Mecca on one side and the Middle Ages on the other. Then the *Arces Phæacum* of Vergil, the split and splendid peaks on which rise the twin fortresses that guard this

end of the town, how majestically they tower, — *aeriæ palumbes*, — and how deservedly they have given a name to the island. The azure sea-siesta of perfect tranquillity we had been all the morning having, ceased when we gained the harbor of Corfu. A joyous breeze sprang to meet us. The waves became wild and dashed in spray on the quays and ramparts of the town. The boats with their wild Greek mariners that flocked out to take us ashore had no little trouble in making headway. A crowd of hotel runners, like so many corsairs, boarded us and thrust their rival cards into our faces. "Hotel This?" "Hotel That?" And the omnipresent polyglot commissionnaire was there, too, with mouth watering with Greek, Italian, English, French, or Arabic, ready to take you to the end of the world, — to Tasso's "l'ultima Irlanda," if you would but give him your baggage.

Our small list of passengers soon scattered, petticoated Albanian, slashed and caftaned Turk, and all. We were left to enjoy this gorgeous antechamber to the picture-gallery of the East all by ourselves.

How the water shone and sparkled, shifted and shivered into foam, tossing the great barges up and down like cockle-shells and springing with almost human laughter up on the sides of the vessels. There were a good many ships in the

harbor. I saw, for the first time, the flag of Greece waving from many of them,—blue and white horizontal stripe with a cross in the upper corner. A formidable-looking Greek iron-clad lay at anchor. Wild chatter of Greek and Italian and *Lingua Franca* was kept up all day in loading our ship and till late in the night. The Greek, as I have hitherto heard it, is neither sonorous nor melodious. It is a quick, nervous language and the speakers of it abound in shrugs and gesticulations. The fishermen and gondolieri who came out to us stand up as they row, a fashion universal in the Adriatic, and have their oars tied by a loop of rope to a single peg. In Venice there is a graceful fixture to attach the oar to, a support resembling a bent elbow, or the claw of an animal, often richly and artistically wrought, in which the oar is held up high above the side of the gondola, a fashion by which the gondoliere can put forth all his strength on his oar as he successively moves it forward or withdraws it. The Greek boatmen so far are brown-skinned, sharp-eyed, clamorous fellows, knowing well enough how to cry out “Barca, Signore?” if you don’t understand Romaic. It is no wonder Corfu is famed for its *Romaika* or Greek jig, to see these fellows dancing about in their boats, rowing like mad to get to the steamer first. They seem intuitively quite accomplished in it. For a

wonder we did not arrive at Corfu on a festa; for what with their formidable Lents and countless saint's days, they are nearly always celebrating something.¹ Corfu is full of Greek churches. There are Jews, too, in some thousands, who dwell apart in a Ghetto of their own. How sadly the Greek and Byzantine churches lack the graceful bell-towers of Italy, — those dainty belfries, daintiest of which is Giotto's at Florence. The square, slender tower with the grouped round-arched windows, flower-like pilasters and sweet peal of bells so tremulously hanging, how they charm one as they rise up from the gardens of Tuscany and ring out the Angelus on a dewy morning. They are like human, hovering voices, these delicate bells, and to me they give a rare sweetness to the mourning mother church.

In Byzantinism, however, there is something that frets one, a coldness, a formalism, an empty splendor and decorative art, an incessant bowing and scraping (which, by the way, is said to be the reason why dogs are never seen in Byzantine churches, from the stooping posture, as if about to pick up a stone); in short, an unapproachable-

¹ There are, I think, more than one hundred holidays in the Greek calendar. How well can we understand the "Greck calends" when one remembers their talent for procrastination, — the eternal *mañana! mañana!* (to-morrow! to-morrow!) of a Spanish promise.

ness which does anything but excite interest. They cluster all about these Greek villages. This morning I noticed an enormously fat old Greek gentleman on board fumbling, as it seemed, a rosary of amber¹ as he walked up and down. The church is said to have an immense hold on its communicants. This Sunday morning we awoke and found Cephalonia in sight, not so grand a series of Raphaelesque sketches before us on the horizon as on yesterday, but the same airy witchery of distant mountain forms, the same lapis lazuli water, the same crystalline atmosphere, the same Spenserian "watchet-blue" sky and voluptuous tints. The whole island is redolent of Homer. East of it lies Ithaca,² whose people are the cleverest of the Greeks, even to-day. A little north is Leucadia, the isle of Sappho, and Paxo, famous for the legend of Pan which Milton and Mrs. Browning have embalmed — islands at this period full of scents of summer. It is impossible to marshal all the checkered recollections of these scenes through which we are passing; while I am writing islands are heaving in

¹ Which afterwards, I found, was no rosary at all, but merely a sort of portable conductor to carry off the superabundant vitality of a super-excitable people. They must be perpetually picking at something — better amber than pockets! It is, as About would say, "*une habitude d'orient.*"

² See Schliemann's charming *Ithaque, Péloponnèse, Troie.*

sight and others are disappearing which were places of celebrity thousands of years ago, — shrines of poetry, temples of adoration, fields on which waved the fire-colored wheat of Homer and which felt the wandering step of Tibullus, temples of Jupiter before which Nero danced, convents where crusaders stopped to worship on their pilgrimages to the Holy Land, estates once owned by the friend of Cicero, and spots where Cicero himself once meditated. It is certainly a voyage of unsurpassable interest. Ithaca alone with its Homeric scenery would repay the archæological tourist.

How present to my mind while I studied the beautiful Bay of Corfu were the gardens of Alkinous ! I had been reading the *Odyssey* on the voyage across the Atlantic, and the whole was fresh in my memory. Corfu, the ancient Scheria of Homer, where Ulysses was cast away, was rescued by Nausikaa when she went down to wash the clothes, was clothed hospitably in the royal garments themselves, and in them was recognized by the watchful mother of the maiden. I can imagine Alkinous' lovely gardens and palisaded court looming out over this entrancing bay, a scene of pre-historic beauty and simplicity, whose very rudeness was refined away by the elaborate cunning of the air, the far withdrawn wool-white cloud, the intervening veil of down-

drifting sea-blue air, the sea itself sending up paint and spume to light up whatever primitive *καλυβή* it might be and bring it out on the twilight heights like a star! These islands are full of uncouth Greek shepherds and sharp watchdogs. A passage of Aristotle is unexpectedly explained by reference to their habit of attacking strangers.¹ Little cabins and huts dot the crags here and there, crags of every gay color. The limestone is gnarled and sculptured by the sea into huge caverns and grotts. Just before me now the magnificent declivities of Monte Nero (nearly six thousand feet high) glimmer through the sunny mist that broods over them like the white cliffs of England, declivities of bleached and blanched limestone almost painfully bright in this quivering air. The sun smites on them at times blindingly. We wound up the long Gulf of Argostoli this morning and stopped for an hour or two. Palè, Luxuri, Crani, and Argostoli lie in this river-like fiord. The island is over one hundred and twenty miles in circumference, and this side of it is full of towns. The houses all seem large and well built, embosomed in trees. I saw quantities of aloe growing wild. On this fiord there is a subterranean channel burrowed in the

¹ Cf. Schliemann's amusing experience in Ithaca, when he saved himself from a fierce Ithacan dog by doing as the old Greeks did in similar cases, — sitting down.

rock down which the sea flows. The current is strong enough to turn an immense iron grist-mill wheel which I saw in motion. Cephalonia lacks the truly Ionian luxuriousness of Corfu, but its poesy is of the heroic measure. Vast convents, admirable roads, a great Venetian fortress or two, sunny sweeps of sloping currant vineyards, blue and pink churches with Greek inscriptions, forests of olives, stormy-looking mountains, to-day wrapped in clouds, — such are some of the points of the island. Numerous boats, as usual, came out to meet us, and there was the usual squabble over passengers. I noticed one boat with *Calliope* spelt with one *l* in Greek characters on her stern. What a mobile, irritable people they seem to be.¹ The Cephaloniots appear better-looking than any I have seen, and I saw more blond hair. One of our passengers, a Greek, with sky-blue umbrella, pea-green parrot in a red cage and endless baskets, got off here, much to my relief. The Greeks we have had on board have been anything but agreeable-looking, above the medium size, and consummate chatter-boxes. Shall I modify my opinion in the light of Aristophanes? Not even the ancient fleas, bugs, and spongers escaped this keen observer, nor does he indeed seem to have escaped them! This evening we get to Zante (Zacynthus), our last stopping-place,

¹ Cf. in confirmation, Tuckerman's "Ελληνες τῆς Σήμερον.

I believe, till we exchange boats at Syra for Athens. Athens! Can I realize it? Did I realize Rome till its sad majesty had passed from my sight and I thought over it in the long winter nights at home? It must sink deep like Tyrian purple into every tissue of one's nature, and then one may realize it.

But here is another big island on my right, which I had not noticed! It is a Balaklava of islands, — this Ionian Sea. As fast as one is slain, another rises.

And here is Ithaca with its cluster of heroic memories, — a stone memoir of Odysseus and Penelope. How singularly rich in archæological or rather æsthetic interest is this island. Gandar, Wordsworth, Lilienstern, Bowen, Leake, Schreiber, Koliades, Sir William Gell, Strabo, and Plotemy all identify it with the Ithaca of Homer. It lies along the eastern coast of Cephalonia, a grouped and glorious mass of picturesque rock, full of small towns, keen-witted people, dogs, and sunlight! One may get a boat in Cephalonia as Schliemann did and go over to Ithaca in an hour, provided one have the famous Homeric tail-breeze. "Hungry and tired as I was," says the enthusiastic doctor, "I was immensely glad to find myself in the native land of the hero whose story I had read a hundred times with the greatest delight. I was fortunate enough to find on

disembarking the famous miller Panagis Asproi-éraca who for four francs let me have his donkey to carry my things while he himself served me as guide and cicerone to the capital, Vathy. Learning that I had come to Ithaca to make archæological researches, he applauded my undertaking warmly and recounted to me as we walked all the adventures of Ulysses from beginning to end. The volubility with which he told them proved to me that he had told the same thing a thousand times before. His enthusiasm to tell me all about Ithaca was so great that he did not tolerate interruption. In vain I asked him, 'Is that the Grotto of the Nymphs? Where is Laertes' Field?' All my questions remained unanswered. The road was long, but so was the story, and at length when after midnight we found the threshold of his house at Vathy, we were just entering hell with the souls of the suitors under the guidance of Mercury. I congratulated him smartly on having read the poems of Homer and retaining them well enough to repeat in modern Greek the principal incidents of the twenty-four cantos of the *Odyssey*. To my great amazement he answered that he not only knew nothing of the ancient Greek, but that he could not read or write the modern! He said that he knew the adventures of Ulysses by tradition. I asked then whether the tradition was general among the people of

Ithaca or whether it was confined to his family. He said that his family really was the depositary of it, and that nobody in the island knew the story of the great king as well as he did, but that everybody had a confused notion of it.

There is no hotel in the capital of Ithaca, though the town has 2,500 inhabitants and is situated at the head of the Gulf of Molo, one of the best ports in the world. The total population of the island (1868) is 13,000, and its length about twenty-nine kilometers. It is a chain of calcareous rocks. The Gulf of Molo divides it into two almost equal parts, connected by an isthmus eight hundred yards wide, on which towers Mount Ætos crowned by vast ruins, called *παλαιόκαστρον*, described by tradition as the ruins of the palace of Ulysses. Rains and dews, once so abundant in Ithaca, are very infrequent and trees are rare, and the immense wheat harvest of the Odyssey is now reduced to a fourth of what is necessary for the sustenance of the inhabitants. Currants and olive oil are the staple products of Ithaca. The wine is thrice as strong as Bordeaux, and is consumed at home. In spite of the excessive heat of the island, the climate is very healthy, and deserves the eulogies of Homer.

Bowen is right in saying that there is perhaps not a place in the world where classic souvenirs are so vivid and so few. The little rock with-

drew into obscurity immediately after the epoch of its first legendary hero and poet, and so it has remained for nearly three thousand years. In contrast with many once glorious countries, Ithaca owes none of its illustriousness to more recent times. Indeed, the very name of Ithaca is hardly penned by a post-Homeric author except in allusion to its poetic celebrity. Here, then, all our recollections are concentrated round the heroic age; every hill and rock, every spring and olive-grove is redolent of Homer and the Odyssey; and one is transported at a single bound over a hundred generations into the most brilliant era of Greek poetry and chivalry."

Many of Homer's localities are described with such accuracy that they are recognizable to-day from his descriptions. Thus the Grotto of the Nymphs is a masterpiece of minute truthfulness in landscape painting. Truly Homeric are the agricultural instruments, or rather is the agricultural implement (for they have but one,—the pointed hoe) of the Ithacans. With this they scratch the earth and win a scant and laborious subsistence. Dr. Schliemann found what he supposed to be the palace of Ulysses on top of Mount Ætos. He brings a stream of archaeological light to play on the Cyclopean walls and cistern which he found, and covers all over with the ivy of inexhaustible quotation. So great was

the interest he felt amid the ruins of the palace that he forgot the blaze of heat, hunger, and thirst, devoured the legendary descriptions of the spot in the *Odyssey*, and sat entranced over the magnificent panorama that unrolled before his eyes, and which is hardly inferior to the vision from Mount *Ætna* in Sicily.

To the north lies *Leucadia* with *Cape Ducato*, so famous in antiquity for *Sappho's* leap, from which unfortunate lovers cast themselves, persuaded that this would cure their passion, a spot celebrated for the leap of *Sappho*, the poet *Nicostratos*, *Deucalion*, *Artemisia*, and others. *Strabo* tells us that at the feast of *Apollo* the *Leucadians* had the habit of casting a criminal from this rock into the sea as an expiatory sacrifice for all the crimes of the people. Masses of feathers and living birds were attached to him to assist his flight, and fisher-boats lay drawn up in circles below to pick him up and save him, if possible.

On the south are the noble mountains of *Peloponnesus*; in the east the grand peaks of *Acarnania*; at one's feet is the beautiful spot beyond which float the mountains of *Cephalonia* as if rising vertically out of the water. With this *Miltonic* vision before him it is no wonder *Dr. Schliemann* grows poetic and overflows with classic reminiscence. Accordingly he plunged

at once into excavations, hired laborers, went to work on Ulysses' palace, and discovered funereal urns which he thought not improbably once held the ashes of Penelope and her spouse ! Intolerable heat, wretched fare, and the one hundred and fifty Greek feasts and holidays did not interrupt this poetic infatuation. Five rare vases rewarded all this zeal, which was followed, not by a fever, as one would reasonably expect in the white heat of the Greek summer, but by a tour of the island, readings, and declamations from the *Odyssey* to delighted audiences of Ithacans, friendships with the solitary shepherds and their flocks, and boundless sentiment and effusion. If the arrival of a stranger in the capital was an event, infinitely more so was his progress through the provinces. "Scarcely had I sat down when all the people of the village thronged around me and inundated me with questions. To cut matters short, I read them the twenty-fourth chapter of the *Odyssey* from the 205th to the 412th verse, translating verse by verse into their vernacular. Immense was their enthusiasm on hearing me declaim in the sonorous language of Homer, the language of their ancestors three thousand years ago, the story of the frightful miseries the old king Laertes had endured in the very place where we were assembled, and the picture of exquisite joy which he

had felt on meeting in this very place, after twenty years' separation, his cherished son Ulysses whom he had believed dead. All eyes were filled with tears, and when I ended, men, women, and children embraced me saying, Μεγάλην χαρὰν μᾶς ἔκαμες· κατὰ πολλὰ σὲ εὐχαριστῶμεν (Thou hast given us great joy ; many thanks). I was led in triumph to the village, where they vied in lavishing hospitality on me without wishing to accept any remuneration." Thus the poetic doctor went round like a wandering rhapsode, reading and reciting to adoring crowds, shedding the divine verses of Homer like a sweet perfume over their isolated existences, and being rewarded by tears of sympathy and delight. One can imagine the effect which such recitations would make on the vivid and impressionable people of the Ionian Sea.

The people of Ithaca are frank and loyal, chaste and pious to a point, bright-witted, laborious, clean, and sympathetic. Prudence and wisdom — characteristics of their great ancestors — are theirs too. Adultery is regarded among them as a crime second only to parricide, and those detected in it are pitilessly put to death. Hardly one in fifty can read or write, but what they want in culture they supply by mother-wit. The simple inhabitants of Ithaca, just as in the rest of Greece, thee-and-thou you. Even the king is

thus addressed (Σεῖς, thou). They are extremely patriotic and proud of their nationality. Dr. Schliemann says that whenever he met an Ithacan in his oriental journeys and inquired his country, he got the response : Εἶμαι Ἰθακήσιος μὰ τὸν Θεόν ! (I 'm from Ithaca, by Jove !)

Another proof of the influence of souvenirs is the quantity of Penelopes, Ulysseses, and Telemachuses to be found in Ithaca. These names have an undying charm for the imagination of the Ithacans. In one point they do not resemble their famous progenitor, — no beggars are to be seen in the islands. The clergy here as elsewhere in the East is unsalaried, and subsists on the meagre income from baptisms, burials, and marriages. Hence the Greek priest, παππᾶς, as they call him (how like the πανούργον τοῦ παπῶ of Theophrastus !), has to struggle continually with poverty, and as there is no career open for him, he becomes ignorant and animalized. A piquant Greek proverb about him runs thus : —

Ἀμαθῶς καὶ κακοήθως,
Ἀκαμάτης καὶ φαγᾶς,
Οὐδέν πλέον δὲν τὸν μένει
Παρὰ τὰ γενῇ παπᾶς.¹

Thus as one journeys through these happy

¹ Which may be paraphrased thus : "Ignorance, idleness, and gluttony make the Greek priest."

islands a thousand recollections throng over one till the whole archipelago becomes dramatized and every islet is a verse in an epic poem. How much our interest in Corfu increases when we remember that Antony and Octavia were married there ; that it offered an asylum to Themistocles ; that Aristotle took such delight in its vernal beauty that he persuaded Alexander to visit it. Then the arrival of Titus there after the conquest of Jerusalem ; St. Helena going to Palestine to look for the true cross ; Augustus and Diocletian ; Cato and Nero ; and last, but not least, the foot-prints of the blind Belisarius !¹

We are just running into the harbor of Zante, after Corfu the most picturesque and stately I have seen in the Ionian. How true is the proverb, "Zante, Zante, Fior di Levanti !" Another oasis of verdure in this blue water-Sahara. Its harbor is like a half-moon or a sickle, a miniature Naples. Nor is Vesuvius wanting, for a splendid twin-peaked mountain rises on the left and makes the resemblance nearly complete. Nearly every twenty years the place is shaken to pieces by an earthquake. The harbor is full of shipping and the white houses and steeples come out prominently in the sun. A strong land breeze is blowing. There is a lovely tassel of historic memories hanging to its caftan, too, — early Athe-

¹ Tuckerman's *Ἑλληνες τῆς Σήμερον*.

nian and Peloponnesian charms and glories, Venetian supremacies and noble demeanor in the Greek war of liberation, etc. Feluccas are darting about everywhere. The coast of Peloponnesus away off is plainly visible to the southeast with Olympian Elis dimly discernible. There is an oriental tint to everything. They even say that the latticed windows of the East were prevalent here at no distant date, and that the unmarried women here and through the other islands live in Turkish seclusion. No wonder, in this all-revealing air! The quay is thronged with Zantiot idlers, a Greek *canaille* as curious as ever the old Athenians were. All the people literally seem to be in the streets, which at the side are arcaded over like the Rue de Rivoli. Venetian campaniles point heavenward here and there. The town is very shallow in depth, and does not look as if it extended more than a quarter of a mile back, being hemmed in by lofty mountains. Snow-white convents and churches hang conspicuously to the cliffs in every direction.

I see no costumes, only a caftan here and there. A multitude of straw wide-awakes line the adjacent quays. Some of the church groups are very pretty, with walls white as milk, corniced with blue and yellow, and a gate surmounted by a graceful Byzantine arch in blue and white almost like the quartering of an escutcheon. Other

churches and groups are of mellower coloring, — one group, for example, stained pink with bright green blinds and gray battlemented wall running round it, and grave-toned tiled roof. A Greek convent, just touched and trembled over by the sunset light, is built on the highest mountain-top. I see the Byzantine dome and the long line of sunset-painted windows. What tender serenity reigns up there, what calmness and summer light and night, what peace and plenitude of beauty.

Our vessel is unloading strange-looking bags and firkins and packages in a huge green and black barge like Ulysses' *schedia* with the Homeric *ἱκία* at stern and stem, huge cross-beams, looped oarlocks, etc. On the western side are many pictorial groups; enormous aloes, feathery palms, sinewy cypresses; gardens fenced in by high walls and full of aromatic shrubs; a mighty barge taking horses ashore blinded; round-windowed, zebra-striped houses streaked white and brown on top; wind-mills turning high up in the clear, evening air; fantastic-looking sail-boats swooping swiftly up and down like white-winged swallows; a lunar crescent of sparkling blue water in which our ship is anchored; distant cries coming melodiously over the water; dogs barking in the distance; a boat painted the gaudiest blue and yellow just going by full of Zantiot sailors and peasants, the rhythmic beat of oars in the water, the

"Basta! Basta!" of the Italian and the indescribable ejaculations of the Greek, — what a combination of sights and sounds! There is no twilight here worth speaking of. The sun has but just set and the water is already steely with approaching dusk, while the sharp-sculptured heights back of Zante that a moment ago stood out like the blade of a scimitar are already growing dull. The air is delightful. Surely the climate of the Levant has been slandered. I know it is infinitely hotter in Virginia. The thermometer cannot this evening be more than 72° or 73° . Either the air has a peculiar resonance, or the songs of the Greek *gamins* ashore are peculiarly penetrating, for I hear them distinctly, even conversation and children's voices. We are some distance from the shore.

The shops seem to be all shut up. Are the Greeks so strict on Sunday? I know their church is wrapped about them with the grip of the Laocoon, but I thought the "Ionian haggler" was always ready. Their singing is singularly sweet: listen to this boatful of boys just going by. The song is quaint and wild as the one the Sirens sang to Ulysses, and who knows but it may be as ancient? The Swedish music is rich and singular, but somehow this touches me more. Is it the charm of association? Presently this whole amphitheatre will light up as Corfu did and

throw a thousand trembling lights on the water. The bells are ringing vespers, — shrill, *castrati* bells, without the mellow music of Italian bells. How much character the Italians know how to give their bells. How those deep bells up in the great companiles of Venice delighted and deafened me with their clangor. I felt a positive awe in their presence; and as they all but one began to thunder out the sunset *ave* I felt like a poor fly being bell-bombarded. I think the bell-ringer enjoyed my dismay. What a sunset it was that evening at Venice, and what a post of observation I had! The great tower up which Napoleon had ridden on horseback; the gorgeous mosque-like San Marco and airy Venice at my feet; the far-off lagoons and mountains effulgent with such beatitudes of light as Claude and Turner knew; the Adriatic made to lift up its jeweled isles to catch the smile of benediction of that light; the response of the other bells in marvelous antiphonal tumult. — The lamps begin to sparkle on shore. This is my first Sunday in the Levant. I have spent it partially in the intoxication of the scenery, partially in studying out a difficult Italian novel.

Mount Skopos at Zante is a very singular formation. Between it and the Castle Hill on the other side runs the Vale of Zante, a sea of fertility. It is from six to eight miles wide, and ex-

tends across the whole island. Delightful are the spring and harvest time in this island, when the island fills the surrounding seas with almond blossoms and orange fragrance, or when the currant vineyards hang laden with luscious fruit. There are strange nests on poles, constructed out of leaves and thatch, which are put in the vineyards and have a guard stationed in them to watch the fruit day and night. The whole island is full of villas and gentlemen's country seats, where the Ionian gentlemen exercise a courteous hospitality. Think of the thorn of an earthquake in the side of this Eden! Opposite the Bay of Zante, to the southeast, is the coast of Elis and Olympia. Think of being almost in sight of these memorable places and not being allowed to land!¹ Passengers going to Olympia land at Zante and engage a boat to take them across to Patras, whence mule-back to the seat of the excavations.

This morning (Monday) the sea is without a ripple except what is made by our ship. We are running very close to the Peloponnesian coast; what part of it I do not precisely know, but I can discern with the naked eye numerous towns and hamlets stuck in between the mountains, and on a precipitous crag a mediæval castle. The

¹ See Lang's *Peloponnesische Wanderung*, the reports of Hirschfeld, Adler, and Curtius, etc.

mountains are absolutely bare, of the softest and mellowest tints, gray, white, pink, streaked, russet-brown, lovely warm neutral tints, and silvery *nuances*. I cannot fix them long enough to analyze their characteristics, but the combined effect is delicious. Now and then the mountains open and let you see far up them, rising hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet sheer up out of the ultramarine blue of the sea. The coast even now has an autumnal look. There is the pathos and decay of indefinable autumn all about them. Nothing could be more majestic than their ever-vanishing, ever-flickering profiles, now sweeping to the sea in a lustrous cape, now towering into an immense head-land, or shooting out in a fantastic promontory, or again huddled together in a grand aggregation of choral and symphonic rock. Many of them are at this moment caressed by hovering banks of cloud, white as an egret's wing, that throw their sharp shadows on the naked mountains like silhouettes from some magical camera. Each rock is a study of color and form in itself, and the variety is infinite. As far as the eye can see, the Mediterranean stretches out like an immense inland lake, until it impinges on this unconquerable coast. Sky and sea, like Christ's coat, are without seam of juncture. I see irregular stone fences, rude terraces and steps, and the whiter courses of mountain tor-

rents all about over the mountains. Shepherds' huts, too, and little bays and indentations where there is a tiny harbor and a house or two, shelter for a felucca in stress, or ports where boats can touch and get their load of currants, which are now universally cultivated in the Peloponnesus.

On the lips of these peasants many a phrase may still be found that is familiar to the classical scholar.¹ The contour of the mountains is soft as a mezzotint. There is a half-moonlike stretch of coast just now before my eyes, which for soft and sunny and exquisite shape and coloring is unrivaled. I never saw such transfiguring air as this: mountains that would be indescribably bald and repulsive elsewhere are here transformed into a fairy-land of beauty. I cannot even discern a prickly aloe or a cactus on many of these, yet they are as vivid and brilliant as the richest water-color painting. What a noble cape is this we are just now turning; not a human habitation or a tree to be seen, and yet such a bit of glorious color as Turner would have luxuriated in; not a sisterhood of pallid cliffs, but a mighty mountainous mass of variegated hue. It is, I believe,

¹ Cf. Bernhardt Schmidt's *Volksleben der Neugriechen*. If Thackeray found the very eyes of the French girls full of idiom, one might say that the very outlines of this coast are written in the Greek character.

Cape Gallo. We passed Sphacteria and Navarino a little earlier in the morning. Between Capes Gallo and Matapan lies a deep indentation fringed with high mountains, a fairy gulf which we are this moment crossing. The Peloponnesus here forms a series of gulfs which with their three capes, Malea, Matapan, and Gallo, give the lower end of the peninsula the aspect of an antique Louis XIV. slipper. Platea, Areopolis, and Kitries would be in sight with a powerful glass. Continually my eyes are called away to gaze on this most dazzling water laid out before me as smooth as the purple lotos-blossoms I once saw at Kew Gardens, with long sinuosities and rivers of mirror-like calm, as if but recently furrowed there by a vessel. Pale and perpendicular hang the mountains over its edges, as if fascinated by their own spectre-like loveliness. No ormolu work could be richer than this magnificent natural frame. Over Cape Gallo is anchored a wonderful fleet of cirrus-cumuli, sowing its mountains with opaque-clear shadows like smoked crystal. The waves run from us in long, lateral, foamless swells like the undulations of a corn-field. Inland more than one classic peak pierces the air: Mount Ithome, the famous mountains that hem in Sparta on the west, Pyrgos, Messene, and others famed in song and story. I never imagined a coast so lovely. On my map this gulf

is nameless, but it certainly deserves a name, for a more transcendent landscape it would be difficult to mention. Over and over again it recalls the voluptuous lakes of Italy. The Gulf of Corinth is a singular scene of placid glory. Is it any wonder that the Greeks loved the sea? How full of this sentiment is the Greek Anthology, is the *Odyssey*, is the exquisite muse of Theocritus! Did not Homer in his continually recurring phrase of the "hoary sea" mean that silvery whiteness that films these seas when seen aslant, a reflection of the almost incandescent whiteness of the sky? It is like hoar-frost on sapphire. The sea, while deeply, wonderfully blue when you look right down into it, gives off a silver-white, senescent radiance when you look at it from another angle, — the radiance of hoary hair or white lilies in blue water; and this brought out the more conspicuously by the long ruddy spits of land that shoot forth into the sea and give a strange warmth to the scene. The silver accent is on everything, on the olive-leaves, on the asphodels of Homer, on the wild aloes, on the birch trunks that thickly clothe the higher mountains here and there, on the far-off silvery horizon, on the exquisite smile of white sand that breaks at the foot of these crags, on the sea itself in its multitudinous crests and white caps, on the very gulls that float like silver eros-bows in the

shadowless air. And more than all perhaps in the clouds. To-day there has been breathless calm, and this effect has been beautifully brought out, — the sky unimaginably white, the sea unimaginably blue, the offspring an indescribable hoariness fired with sapphire.

We are now rounding Cerigo and passing between it and an island — a stupendous chocolate-colored rock rising vertically from the sea. It looks like an enormous sea-sponge, and stands in beautiful and unique isolation, like the cone of a submerged mountain peak or the crown of a Titan's hat, opposite the Cytherean coast of which it is a dependency. A slender, spectre-like silhouette of mountains hangs on the south-east horizon — Crete. Would not one expect Venus with her doves to rise up out of this enchanted sea and take her flight visibly before one? The sea has the susurrus of those delicious verses where she is described in Horace as winging her way to Paphos and Cnidus. In the neighborhood is the scene of the legend of Arion, the lovely singer, returning laden with the wealth of kings when, attacked by the pirates, he asked to sing one more song to his lyre, and then sprang into the sea, — a legend over which even Lucian forgot to jest, and became sentimental. Arion was borne ashore by the mourning dolphins. A vision on the horizon lies Melos, where, about

the time the great Napoleon died, Heine's "Our Lady of Beauty," the Venus of Milo, was found, — decay and resurrection!

We have steamed into the Bay of Rapsali, a scene of delightful beauty! Rapsali is a crag surmounted by a mediæval fort, perched white and inaccessible in the air. A snow-white Greek church with quaint steeple looks over the castle wall; behind nestles a white town full of large stone houses with strange Eastern-looking towers, lines of huge, round arched arcades like the arches of an aqueduct, and fields of golden grain for which the soil has been laboriously scratched together and held in by stone walls; at the foot of the fortified crag another town on the beach with a heaven-y-pointing palm or two waving behind, a forest of huge olives, groups of blossoming aloes sending aloft a long shaft of flowers, a shelving pebbly beach in front, low one-story houses like warehouses, painted or stained white with yellow window frames and green blinds. The houses have a strangely unfinished look, from the fact that there are neither eaves nor cornice; peasant huts everywhere, built of rude stones, with tufts of golden grain and bright green foliage dotting the steep mountains. The surf breaks musically on the shore, near which as at Naples the water has prismatic streaks on it, coming from the shallowness of the sea and the white bottom on which

the sunbeams strike and break up. A wind-mill and a light-house here and there. It is a beautiful solitary spot. The people were expecting us, for as soon as we hove in sight, boats put out to meet us, and there was the wrangle and jangle of voices to which I am gradually accustoming myself. On the highest mountain-top is another Byzantine chapel; with its apse strangely turned to the sea. I did not have quite time enough to take in the clustering city before we started. What a noble situation for the sumptuous temple of Venus which Pausanius mentions is the Isle of Cerigo. The whole coast abounds in caverns, some of which are said to be of singular beauty. I can see them as we pass. Astarte has left her sweetness behind in the honey for which Cythera is famed. The island seems put here for nothing in the world but to make a most lovely picture. It has no bays or harbors or rivers worth speaking of; its peasantry are wild and scattered; the grain fields are now just gilding a few spots with their fruitful gold; the coast is savage and cavernous; there is scant vegetation in its ruddy and rocky glens, and it is visited only by the quails with preference.

What a spot of beauty on these laughing, luminous seas! We are sailing round it, and new and richer landscapes are breaking on us. The afternoon sun tinges everything with a tenderness like

the softest enamel. One's eyes are nearly out with gazing through opera-glasses at these kaleidoscopic changes, these Protean metamorphoses, this succession and procession of most beauteous mountain forms. It is like turning over leaf after leaf of a living Odyssey — and ever the sea comes in with a low chime as of murmurous nereids, through the fluted, organ-like sea-grots and echoing caverns. And singularly forsaken seems this sea. How seldom we meet a vessel! This morning, for a wonder, there was a steamer in sight — now and then, a peak-sailed schooner hugging the shore. The region is like the dead Mediterranean itself, which has no tide and neither ebbs nor flows. So the scenery on the Sea of Sodom has the same unearthly brilliance. Life and light are coincident, and yet in this land of light how dead it is!

We arrived at Syra early yesterday morning, and transhipped from the *Orestes* to the *Lucifer* early this morning. Fourth of July in Greece! The incongruity would seem almost absurd if one did not connect 1776 with 776, — the foundation of culture with its declaration of independence. My fourths of July have certainly been varied, many of them spent on the Atlantic, as I have had birthdays in many lands. I have never been more dazzled than I was at the first glimpse of Syra — cloudless calm, the most golden expanse

of illuminated water, blue and breathless light over everything, and Syra in the foreground with Hermoupolis, its capital, whitening the shore and climbing the conical mountain behind. The baldest, nakedest mountains around, but so bejeweled and bewitched by this transcendent climate that they excel in beauty the most luxuriant of forest-clad heights. And this is the Ægean Sea, too, and opposite is Delos, the Holy Isle and sun of the Cyclades, about which these wandering isles revolved in the antique imagination, thousand-fold sacred with associations of Apollo and Artemis. Rhenea lies in front, an island once chained by a Greek tyrant to Delos as an offering to the divinities. Paros, the marble home of our divinest statues, is a tranquil spot of aerial mountain-line to the southeast, — a spot wrangled over for thirty years no long time ago, with the Greek government and a private individual as parties to the law-suit. Andros and Mykonos face us to the northeast. In fact, we are in the maelstrom of the Ægean, caught in the whirl of bright isles and all be-meshed and entangled in poetic memories. How different are these islands from the Ionian! As different as the most luxuriant fertility can be from the most utter nudeness. What do these Ægeans live on? No such question needed to be asked among the vines and olives and pomegranates of Corfu and

Zante. But here there seems to be absolutely nothing except mountains of mica, slate, marble, and granite. The harbor is full of ships, too — brigs and brigantines, barks, schooners, steamships, corsair-like vessels with slender hulls and huge sails, innumerable *barche* and *barcarole* with their sailors standing up as they row, even a mighty Austrian man-of-war with a band of music and formidable port-holes with cannon peeping out. Syra is then the Cyclad of the Cyclades, the centre of the steam life of the Levant, the universal calling point for out-going and in-coming steamers, and the point of transhipment for Athens. Why this island precisely should have been selected I do not know, except its harbor is deep and spacious, and it is full of a lively, restless population attracted here for apparently incomprehensible reasons. The town contains at least thirty thousand inhabitants (with forty thousand horse-power), a theatre, several cathedrals and casinos, and some large factories, and is the seat of an extensive trade. It gives one a more perfect idea of what, in a measure, an ancient town must have been, than any I have seen. It really—even the telegraph, steam communications, and churches—looks like a resuscitated Pompeii. The houses are built of crystalline limestone, many of them highly polished, with beautiful marble porticoes and plinths, mar-

ble steps and window frames, niches with sculptured figures in them, battlements with light balustrade often surmounted by a small temple, quaint ornamented chimneys, arcades upheld by marble pillars, and tiny gardens full of acacias, fig-trees, and trellised vines. The majority of them are perfectly square, two-storied, without cornice or gabled roof, stained brilliant white with a bright blue or pale green band running round the top; square or Roman windows with green Venetian blinds, behind which hang lace curtains and hover faces always curiously on the lookout. Veiled women occasionally pass you, though the majority of the Syrote women seem to go without any covering for the head except a light silk parasol. The gamins in the street have the blackest hair I ever saw, with pure olive complexions and aquiline noses. They bathe all day long on the mole in this beautifully clear, clean water. There is the prismatic sheen on it I have so often noticed. Dolphins and sea-urchins abound in these waters; there is even a group of islands which the Greeks called *Echinades*,—poetic old fellows!—from their resemblance to hedge-hogs. They were always, with an infinitely fertile fancy, coining epithets and conceiving similitudes, likening one island to the antlers of a stag, calling another the isle 'of roses, and describing others as sown (Sporades)

over the sea. They did the same with the stars, unraveling the intricacies of those skeins of golden light and weaving them again into a garment of gorgeous myths. How beautifully the constellations flash on us from the Greek poets! To each one there is hung the medallion of some exquisite epithet which itself has a touch of starriness in it. I could not help thinking of it as I looked at the heavens last night, — so brilliantly pure, so softly scintillant. They hung there like fruits of Aladdin's garden, each star bedded in its case of velvet air like a brilliant. The city was one mass of mantling light elongated in the water as we arrived. I went into the cathedral and admired the polished marble of its interior, with the vaulted roof stained light blue, and colored glass in the Byzantine dome. The blue and white of the Greek national colors appear everywhere, even in the churches. These Greek churches do not produce the effect of the dim Gothic. They are too full of light, and have a Protestant clearness. The two towers of this cathedral are very pretty, light elaborately wrought open work marble, surmounted by a graceful belfry. Another church which I visited was most beautiful, with its marble cloisters and dainty cornice. I could not tell whether it was a convent or a church; probably both. I did

not go in.¹ Windmills whirl on every height. In one place there are six of them in a row, facing one of the most wonderful views of the Ægean. The streets of Hermoupolis are simply abominable — interminable steps, torturous and torturing, seldom wide enough for even one vehicle; up-hill, down-hill all the time, without ever seeming to reach anything. I walked along the quay as if I were in a dream, or like a belated vizier of Haroun-al-Raschid, amid the greatest variety of costume, though Turkish trousers and vests predominated. The faces of these islanders are the most beastly and unredeemed I ever saw. Boundless sensuality and filth lay seared on them and into them. Turkish cobblers at the street corners mending shoes *al fresco*; Turkish fishermen in little kiosks frying eels and doling them out to hungry customers; Turkish howadji sitting cross-legged in their dens, awaiting victims; tobacco-venders in huge turbans smoking impassibly; trousered lads with shrill voices crying their fruits and vegetables in your ears as you passed; paunchy fellows in caftans marching by the side of asses laden with water-jugs or hampers of tomatoes; others crying the virtues of

¹ The Greek clergy are not famous for intelligence, and I was surprised to find such a nest of beauty in lively, commercial little Syra, which seemed like a suburb of Birmingham.

their melons, salami, or oil. The whole quay was blocked up by the squatting or perambulating peddlers. I was reminded of the *marchands* and *rabais* (as they are called) of New Orleans. It was a shame to make such diminutive donkeys bear such mountainous loads. Many of them were hardly bigger than Newfoundlands. Shetland ponies would have been Bucephaluses beside some I saw.

The shops are mean and dark. We did not see one that had the least claim to elegance. Photograph shops, the delight and pride of most European towns, were almost non-existent. Countless low *cafés* (καφενεία καὶ μπιρερρία, as they call them) lined and impeded the streets with their tables and awnings. I longed to go in and see what they were like, but durst not from ignorance of the Romaic. I did contrive to get a weak *limonata fresca* at one, though it was served with a pewter spoon. We got back change which I have not yet deciphered. The Levant is a chaos of conflicting currencies. I now have in my pocket American, English, French, Swiss, Italian, Danish, Austrian, Greek, and Syroty coins. One's pocket-book is a cabinet of curiosities. This is practical numismatics! All of these coins except the American and Danish, were obtained coming from London here. The Greek five drachmæ, two drachmæ, and one

drachma pieces, especially if new, are beautiful. They have a real, genuine ring about them, though they are, I believe, somewhat depreciated. The gold coins I have not yet seen, for they are scarce.

Brigandage is unknown in these islands, except the legalized brigandage of *camerieri*, *battelieri*, and the whole host of hotel and aquatic vermin that infest the Levant and empty your pockets. Though written and printed prohibitions against receiving fees may be staring the *cameriere* (as the steward is called) in the face, with the penalty of dismissal, if transgressed, attached, he will expect a fee, probably remind you of one, at least by insolence of manner. This is the greatest misery we suffer: what to give these people, or whether to give them anything. One is literally famished for small change all the time, for there is ever a hand held out to receive it. One thing I have remarked at Syra—not a single beggar! At least, I have not been addressed by one. What curious boat loads are passing us! unknown nationality, but very picturesque, men, women, and children, in all imaginable clouts and costumes; market boats, baggage and passenger boats, yachts with the Greek pennant and with canopies to keep off the sun, others with gay armorial or national scutcheons painted in the stern, where sometimes there is an aphorism

such as ἔχει ὁ θεός. Naked lazzaroni — so I call them at least — are diving like porpoises off the mole just as we pass, with utter disregard of the ladies on board. What easy, emotionless nakedness! It is as natural to strip off and plunge in here as it is to eat. Off we go! The *Lucifer* is full of Greeks bound for Athens. If it were not so early they would all be as lively as crickets. As it is, some are plunged in newspapers, others are watching the beautiful scenery through darkened glasses, for the sun is bright. The *Lucifer* is a side-wheeler. A huge commotion just as we start: two boatmen, — one shouting *Burro, Burro!* (butter, butter!) and the other apparently calling down imprecations on us for being in such a hurry — are rowing frantically after our ship. They have been belated, or we are before our time, so it appeared at first as if we should not take their baskets, evidently destined for our larder, on board. What fury of ejaculation on both sides! One of them lost an oar, and I thought he would have lost his senses. The sea is again like glass. Vessels lie becalmed, or bewitched, all along the shore. There is a Calypso spell on the water. In what beautiful, symmetric curves it parts from us and flows to the side! No clouds, only cloud-like islands, to tell the parting line between sea and sky.

There is a young Hellene on board reading a

newspaper, the *Ἑφημερίς* (Daily News), which looks more like a theatre programme than a paper.

Syra is a capital point for excursions. It is the seat of the Greek Steamship Company (*ἀτμοπλοῖον ἐταιρία*), which sends out steamers on voyages of a fortnight among all the islands belonging to the Hellenic kingdom. Sailing in these tranquil seas is a matter of no difficulty, for they are an Hephæstus-net of islands close enough together to sail in a goelette from isle to isle, or even to take a huge, heavy-bottomed *σκάφος* and row from point to point. If then one is fortunate enough to miss the regular steamer in this enchanting circumnavigation, there is no harm done, and impecunious Greeks can always be found to do for one what Uhland's ferryman did for his sweet-voiced guest:—

“Nimm nur, Fährmann, nimm die Miethe,
Die ich gerne dreifach biete,
Zween, die mit mir überfahren,
Waren geistige Naturen.”

Of course it is quite necessary to have a host in view, for these islands, hospitable in everything else, are inhospitable in hotels. To reckon without a host, then, in a Greek circular voyage, is even more lamentable in Greece than in the old proverb. The Greeks, like the Turks, are hospitable—in the islands, whatever they may be on the

main-land ; and one is expected to enrich the servants, if not the proprietor, with a small sum on departing. These boats generally leave Wednesday at 8 in the morning. There is the blessed arrangement on them that one is not obliged to eat. Meals are paid for as they are consumed, and the passage money is for the voyage alone.

The vessel as it steams out of the brilliant-toned harbor of Hermoupolis in Syra passes a light-house which, like everything else in these bold and glittering latitudes, is white. The crucifixion that the eyes undergo in the Ægean is equal to the old Carthaginian torture. The scattered rock and refuse of disintegrated islands lie about in the water, bits just peeping above the water-line, picturesquely suggestive of dangers. Tenos, Andros, Mykonos, Delos, and Rhenea are faint in the distance—fairy isles, like bits of Meleager's verse, sprinkled about on the sea to suggest what antiquity must have been, pedestals for temples or points for a hovering Athené with the spear. The glimpse of Syra, or Syros, as the cultivated Greeks call it, reveals the singular formation of the island, a beehive of busy, rebellious Greeks, who have done wonders to enliven this Dead Sea and make it look again like the ancient times. One has ample opportunities on such a voyage to physiognomize with Lavater, or to study costume. The *fustanella*, or petticoat,

is not worn by the Greeks of Asia Minor and Turkey as it is throughout Hellas; but instead of its graceful white folds one finds the monstrous leg-bag of the islanders, and high, wide, slovenly turban, replaced in Grece by a light crimson fez like that worn by the Turkish soldiers.

After a sail of three hours the steamer arrives at Paros, cast upon the sea like a ball and guarded on each side by a smaller island. The *tout ensemble* of this famous group has been compared to the Brocken. Naxos, with its immense mountain chain, towers to the left, often veiled in white clouds. Anti-Paros, or Oliandros, is discerned to the right of Paros. Paros on nearer approach is seen to throw out many wild and rugged promontories, on which the surf roars grandly and ascends in airy vapor from the sea. The ship threads her intricate way through a series of islands and finally reaches the harbor, Naussa (from *naûs*, a ship). There is a tiny, dazzling-white town perched on a cliff, and a brown Venetian tower rising before it out of the water. Turks, Venetians, and Russians have fought for the island, and so fearfully did the Russians devastate that it has passed into a proverb in the place. No sooner is the steamer in sight than she is immediately enveloped in a sort of squall of boats, which toss and tumble

about her in the vain hope of a passenger. The steamer, however, turns round and goes over to the neighboring island of Naxos, the seat of the mediæval Duchy of Naxos, still containing a tower of the ancient dukes. There are two Ionic columns standing on a tiny isle just before the town, which are supposed to be relics of the temple of Bacchus. Naxos, though the largest of the Cyclades, has but 12,000 inhabitants, in spite of its 8,000 heavy-armed mentioned by Herodotus. It was always celebrated for its wine, and it has, besides, great poetic interest in its association with the legend of Ariadne, daughter of Minos. Like Egeria, the forlorn damsel seems to have turned into a fountain, for her name is thus perpetuated in Naxos. A channel about two miles wide separates Naxos and Paros, two islands still famous for their wine and marble. Marmora is one of the towns of Paros, and reproduces in its name a vision of the quarries of Marpassa, famous for the heaviest and hardest and most translucent of all marbles. The antique subterranean quarries out of which the statuary marble came were reopened in 1844, when marble was wanted for the tomb of Napoleon in the Invalides. What an enchanter's wand had the great general! The marble for architectural purposes was obtained from the surface. Many excavated places were found full of

antique terra-cotta lamps left there by the ancients. As is well known, these quarries gradually fell into neglect, especially when, under Augustus, the quarries of Carrara, near Lucca, were discovered. An English company, with a capital of £100,000, is now working them. A wretched German, who has been quarrying the Verde Antique of Tenos, and the Rosso Antico of Laconia, has recently proposed to get at the marble more expeditiously by blowing up Mount Marpassa with dynamite! Εἰς κοράκις!

Paros is enveloped in a sort of asteroid dust of islets, Douvessa, Keros, Mácares, Heracléa, and Skiuvessa. To the south the horizon is haunted by Ios, called Nio by the sailors, and Sikiнос. Ios, too, has a lovely legend hung to it, for once, says tradition, fared a ship from Smyrna to Athens, and the ship held the body of a blind old man. It was the body of Homér, who had died on the voyage. The mariners put into Ios and buried the body, and even to-day at the little cloister Plakolos they show gravestones that mark the grave of Homer. I will not ruffle the plumes of this graceful legend by telling about the Dutch count in Russian regimentals who, in 1773, visited Ios and found the grave. The inhabitants of the island call themselves Ionians and are intelligent, simple-hearted people. The wonder is where they get their information from,

shut in as they are from year's end to year's end, and only once in a fortnight connecting their little wire with the great cable-wires of the world. So acute, however, is the intelligence of the Greek that even such scanty communication is sufficient to make him infinitely the superior of all other Orientals. He is the banker, the clerk, the bootblack, the newsboy, and the land-owner of the East. This vivid intellectuality is of itself sufficient to disprove Fallmerayer's theory that the Hellenic blood no longer exists, and that modern Hellas is a sort of warmed-up Slâvism. How the Greeks blaze when Fallmerayer's theory is mentioned — the stupid Bavarian who would take their nationality from them!

But the marvel of this *Ægean* Sea, full of marvels and delightsomeness as it is, is the island of Santorino, the mysterious Vesuvius of the Eastern Mediterranean. The island is an extinct volcano, hoop-shaped, with unfathomable water in the crater and gigantic cliffs rimming it in on three sides. The story of Santorino (a corruption for Santa Irene) goes back to a dim antiquity. The little islet Therasia lies at the door of the crater, and makes the circle complete. There is a glittering white Greek town, Epanomeria, perched on one end of the horned semicircle, which becomes more and more conspicuous as the ship glides into the lake-like expanse. The ship cannot an-

chor, for no plummet-line can fathom these fabulous waters. It is a dazzling scene of variegated marble piled story on story like a Venetian palace — green, white, brown, blue-black, yellow, as the successive eruptions have come and gone with their feverous color. The walls of the crater are four hundred metres high, dizzy and vertical, while the crater itself is twelve kilometres long and eight broad. Near where the vessel stops a long meandering tier of houses rises on a precipice twelve hundred feet high, and forms the ribbon-like capital of the island Thera. A thread of a path winds in zigzag from the bottom to the top of this island. The eye can discern caves made by human hand in the perpendicular wall as it rises sheer from the disk of fairy water below. This is the greatest of known craters, and has been compared to the Vulcanic ring on the moon.. A group of rounded peak-like islands springs out of the centre of the basin, like the pistils of some wondrous flower. They are entirely uninhabited, and plumes of twining serpentine smoke wreath and coil out of the summit of the highest of them. An account gathered from a recent traveller¹ will perhaps give the reader a distincter impression of this marvelous child of the Mediterranean.

Santorino is only about twelve miles north of

¹ Faucher's *Streifzüge*. Lacroix, *Iles de la Grèce*.

Crete, and is the southernmost of the Cyclades or Revolving Islands that to the antique eye performed a sort of sacred choric dance round the island of Delos. It was not originally the ring that we see to-day, but a high rounded insular table-land, without any depression in the centre. The island was repeatedly peopled from the neighboring islands, Amorgos (the birthplace of Simonides) and Melos, and then as repeatedly abandoned from the dread of the ever-recurring eruptions. The volcano opened its sublime batteries far back in the pleiocene period, and continued to break out like a sort of perpetual French Revolution till it established a reign of terror in the Orient Mediterranean. It seems, like Pompeii and Herculaneum, to have been immersed in a vast inundation of volcanic ashes, and then overlaid by streams of lava. Prehistoric relics of men and houses have been found leading back to a remote period, and a village of considerable extent has been partially unearthed. Articles of clay, pebble, obsidian, and pure copper were found, and also many evidences of the island's having sunk beneath the sea and then risen again, with a superincumbent mass of sea-shells overlaying these prehistoric relics.

The French geologist, Fouqué, who was sent out to visit and study the volcano during the displays of 1866 and 1867, carried off most of the

relics to Paris. Fouqué and Le Normant place the date of these prehistoric remains two thousand years before Christ. The Phenicians seem to have been the first historic people who inhabited the island. The Greeks, with their characteristic art sense, changed the Phenician name to Kallisté (most beautiful), and then to Strongúle (circle). The Phenicians seem to have known the island as a ring broken through, with the sea in the middle. Then came the Dorians, in the pre-Christian Dark Ages (1000 B. C.), and called the island Thera, after their leader Theras. A rock-alphabet, extremely archaic, has been found carved in the cliffs of Santorino, said to be older even than that found by a Milesian officer on the pedestal of the twin colossi of Abu-Simbel in Nubia.

A sleep of two thousand years succeeded the nightmare of the first great historic eruption (2000 B. C.), when in the third century before our era the Titan began to toss again. Pliny tells us of the convulsions of the island 236 B. C., when islands dipped up and then under like living creatures, received a name, then mysteriously disappeared in the seething water. The most dreadful outbreaks were those of 1650, 1707, and 1866, when the volcano acted like a colossal syringe, and drenched the neighboring isles. The thundering of the mighty monster continued three

months, and its sulphurous breath blasted the vegetation as far away as the island of Melos. In February, 1866, thousands of red-hot blocks of stone were belched out of the sea, and fell back into the hissing water, contributing to the formation of new hills and islands a hundred yards above the surface of the sea. Two islands especially were the picturesque fruit of these throes, Georgios and Aphroessa (the foam-born), Aphrodite-islands born of the foam of the sea. This magnificent tableau lasted nearly two years.

More than sixty sorts of grapes grow on this wonder island, and a wine is produced from some of them that is peculiarly delectable to the Russian taste. The Russians nearly monopolize the fiery juice of this diabolic vineyard. It is like *Lacryma Christi*, *Teneriffe*, or even *Madeira* wine when it is good. The wine is pure and unmixed with grape sugar or alcohol, and will keep a hundred years in a cool place.

What a singular contrast to all the smiling islands around is this grand demonic rock that has a fit of *delirium tremens* every few hundred years, and then makes up for it by exquisite beauty and fertility! In the laughter of such seas as these, who would suspect the tragic growl that lurks under this loveliest of painted water! There is something *Æschylæan* in its outbreaks — a demonic discontent with the placidity and

poesy of the other Cyclades. The wonder is that it did not, like *Ætna*, leave more enduring traces behind in the plastic Greek nature, — *Ætna* that overshadows so mightily the idylls of Theocritus, and makes those hot Sicilian warblings cooler by the fantastic shadow of its background.

Perfect as every bit of rock is in the purple-watered Levant, the rest seem commonplace in comparison with this lurid cone — a star-like Hyperion that has fallen among the asphodels and lilies. It carries to the highest point that intensity of color which is spread over the East like a physical imagination, and is at times almost too much for the traveler who has journeyed from a grayer climate.

II.

AT last in Athens! But what intense disappointment does the first view of this celebrated city give rise to! Incredible dust, parching heat, squalor, shabbiness, and general neglect. After a delightful sail up the Saronic Gulf, past Cape Sunium, Ægina, and Salamis, which would have been more delightful had I not been a little unwell, we steamed into the winding harbor of Piræus, and were instantly boarded by a horde of ravenous boatmen, eager to take us to land, — Sciotes, Syrotes, Æginotes, Ionians, and Albanians. I do not know what I should have done in the universal scrimmage, had I not fallen into the hands (almost into the arms) of the Ionian dragoman, Miltiades Vidis, who spoke English. While I stood vainly parleying with the captain of the *Lucifer*, who did not understand French or German, respecting my ticket, which had not been restored, — a parleying which was as ludicrous as it was distressing, for it soon attracted a circle of curious Athenians, — the blessed Miltiades fell into the midst of us as if from heaven, and at once made the captain un-

derstand that I wanted my ticket back, which was a return-ticket and was to get me to Brindisi on my way to Liverpool. The cameriere had neglected, after collecting it in the morning, to hand it to me again. Well, Miltiades was worthy of his namesake of old, and we came out victorious from this more than Marathon. I never saw such a pertinacious, prickly-tongued set as these Piræote boatmen. They follow you up and down the steamer, peep into your face (and perhaps into your pocket), interrogate with eyes, tongues, and hands, offer to take you ashore, suggest hotels, etc., and though you say No, in all imaginable languages and with all imaginable emphasis, they keep hanging about like hornets, and insist on giving you the sting of their services. A sting it is indeed that long rankles in an empty pocket, for there is no settled tariff (as there is none for the Athenian ἀμαξαί, *carriages*), and you are literally at their mercy. Land you must, for the ship is out in the harbor and you cannot swim ashore with a portmanteau, an umbrella, a pair of spectacles, a shawl, an overcoat, and a duster, easy as it seems to be to strip off in this antique atmosphere and plunge into the sea. It was the same at Syra, the morning we left, on the arrival of the steamer *Mercur* for Candia. Though it was but little after 4 in the morning, the ship was already surrounded, like a team of steaming

horses, with a swarm of gad-fly boats full of naked-legged Ionians in waistcoat and fez, who, even before the *Mercur* stopped, boarded her like so many corsairs, climbing up the sides and gangway, amid the universal scolding and damning of the crew. Thrice-blessed (or πανάγιος, as they say in the Greek church) be the bronze-faced Miltiades for rescuing me from these harpies, interpreting for me about my ticket, putting me, bag and baggage, in his boat, and conveying me, like the precious Argosy he had captured, to a ἀμαξή that stood waiting for us on shore. One felt as poor Isaac must have felt when the ram appeared, or like classic Iphigenia on the transformation. "Shall we go by carriage or by railway?" inquired I, timidly, of the Ægis-like Miltiades, hoping that he would reply, "By railway," for I knew that transportation by rail was only a drachma, and my rapidly drained pocket shrank from the five miles' drive to the Acropolis in an expensive carriage. "By carriage," replied the inexorable Miltiades, seeming to read my innermost heart and sternly rebuking any economical instinct left lingering there. I yielded, as he had been so kind already and would doubtless point out to me many objects of interest along the road, and he did in fact. The road runs for a while beside the *Long Walls* of Themistocles, and in several places their foundations and superstructure,

to a considerable extent, are laid bare, — a piece of admirable masonry, to have resisted leveling Lacedæmonians, Venetians, Turks, and, most reckless of all, Athenians themselves. Only the wall on the right, covered with ages of dust and blackened by weather-stains, was visible as we drove along. For some time we followed this great jugular vein of ancient Athens, a vein connecting it with the vitality, the vigor, and the living energy of the sea. We stopped at a rude inn where a fellow in the national costume refreshed Miltiades with a glass of something green out of a pink decanter. I, meanwhile, sat looking over his book of recommendations as a guide, and found to my surprise many well-known and distinguished names. I say surprise, for though the appearance of the dragoman was eminently honest and kind, I did not judge from his English that he had been in such distinguished company. I found letters and recommendations from Sydney Colvin, Newton of the British Museum, H. Maclean, Henry T. Stanley, Amelia B. Edwards, Oscar Browning, and some English noble folk, all carefully folded and pasted in the book, and all cordially uniting in commending the care, kindness, and polyglot accomplishments of my savior. He seemed proud that I recognized so many names, said he had been in America three years, but (with decided pride) learned *his* Eng-

lish in London, had served a secretary of legation or two, and knew all the classic places by heart. He announced to me as we drove along, "Yonder dee spot where *Admiral* Themistoclee bore on the *Prussian* ship," while I sat mute with indignation and horror and looked out for the imaginary spot. "Yonder dee Hymettus where you get honey for your breekfast," whilst I was supposed to be licking my lips at this savory announcement. "Dere dee Acropolis," pointing to a mass of dirty-looking ruins scowling in the distance, and in which I in vain tried to recognize the dazzling contours of the far-darting Parthenon. Is that the Parthenon? I could not help muttering to myself, over and over again, like Keats's ancient beadsman. *Am* I at Athens? Is this Miltiades Vidis? In these vague and vast inquiries time fled, and presently we found ourselves with a mouthful of dust and a library of information from our guide before the Theseum. How noble and pensive it looked in the evening light! Inconceivably gray and grand it stood on its plateau almost intact from a remote antiquity. I saw or thought I saw children playing among the columns — bits of Yesterday before this Ancient of Days.¹ Our horsés were, however, too quick-footed for my eyes to tarry

¹ An annual festival is held in the square in which this Temple of Theseus is situated, when the strange and stately

long on this famous cynosure, and we were whirled on through a labyrinth of excruciating streets. Everybody seemed to be in them, too, and our coachman uttered strange cries, in a boulevard Greek perhaps as old as Homer, for the obstructers to get out of the way. Narrow, winding, and squalid, these streets wind and twine on themselves like bewildered corkscrews, until they debouch into the ὁδὸς Αἰόλου or the ὁδὸς Ἐρμού,¹ the two principal thoroughfares of the city. For the first time I saw the national costume with sufficient frequency to take in its details:² shoes or slippers of red undressed leather, with a tuft of worsted like a pen wiper on the pointed and upturned toe; leggins of white cloth fitting close to the legs and clasped at the knee by a garter, which is often varied by strips of cloth wrapped in contrary directions round the calf of the leg; then a petticoat or kilt of white cloth, which may be of various fullnesses, in innumerable folds, reaching hardly to the knee;

dances of the modern Greeks — the men dancing with each other — may be observed in the open air.

¹ The same name belonged to one of the Athenian streets in antiquity, as Jebb, in his *Attic Orators*, mentions.

² The costume is of high antiquity, and, though coming originally from the Albanians and adopted as a national costume only since the War of Independence in 1821-23, has been observed on a coin of Pyrrhus now in the Museum at Naples.

then a waistcoat, embroidered or not according to the taste or means of the wearer, and fitting close to the figure. Some have tight white sleeves, others large and flowing ones, or false sleeves of dark cloth hanging from the shoulder. Many have a gay sash round the loins. A red fez, with or without a long blue tassel, surmounts and completes the costume, which on slender figures is very graceful, but on stout or paunchy ones infinitely awkward. To see a great waddling Athenian, with his kilt starched stiff and standing out at right angles with his hips, like a sunflower, puffing and laboring through this dust and sunshine, is a scene to excite commiseration. The costume is varied in a great many ways. Blue stockings to the knee, and a bright blue or many-colored waistcoat, with a straw hat instead of a fez, may be seen, making a stylish contrast with the white Albaniote kilt. There is a resemblance between this dress and that of the Scotch Highlanders.¹ I see women stepping about in a

¹ The king wears the national costume on state occasions, and it must be confessed there is a great deal of grace in it. It gives a peculiar swing and stateliness to the figure. One is reminded of the grave walking of antiquity such as Plato says was a part of (what he calls) *σωφροσύνη*. To see its wearers adjusting themselves at table or sauntering slowly and majestically across the square, calls up a vision of former life, which, however different in particulars, bears a close resemblance to the life of to-day.

strange and beautiful costume — the same costume nearly as that described by Williams in his account of Theresa, Byron's "Maid of Athens." The most remarkable part of it is the brilliant red cap arranged coquettishly among the hair and hanging gracefully on one side with a splendid pendent golden tassel. In several cases this was worn in contrast with a black silk dress and black lace shawl. Only a parasol shielded the head and face from the sun.¹ European costumes are very general. How the men can wear the fez in this blinding light I cannot see, for it has no protection for eyes or ears, and must be hot ; so also must be the close-wrapped leggings. What they have on under all this I am at a loss to conceive. The necessity of frequent change of such clothing is obvious, — no rain for weeks and months, — and whirling dust, as in Northern China, nearly all the time. It is as bad as Rome in midsummer.

Just as we entered or rather crossed Eolus Street we had a magnificent glimpse of the Acropolis and its four hundred feet of historic perpendicular. No position more glorious for a fortress or a temple could be imagined — commanding, isolated, and towering, like Athens itself in the

¹ The queen and her ladies of honor — scions of the great Greek families of Botzaris, Kolokotroni, Mavrocordato, and others — occasionally wear it.

hubbub of Greek republics. All around purpling and crimsoning mountains—the blush of Lycabettus, the violet of Hymettus, the gleam of the sea at Phalerum, and the glamour of Parnes and Ægaleos in the distance. High up loomed this immortal eminence, symbol of intellectual and æsthetic eminence, and an undying relic of the unattainable past. When I got to the hotel, bathed, and went out in the twilight among the glorious ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, I could not help a feeling of strangeness and awe at the surrounding desolation. The noble Corinthian columns of this temple, the hoary and time-stained arch of Hadrian, the beautiful ridge of flowering Hymettus on the east, and the Parthenon faintly flushed by the setting sun, made truly a hive of busy recollections. And then the strange Greeks one saw. There was a kilted, blue-waistcoated Albanian talking to a Greek priest in black gown and steeple-crowned hat; white-buskined peasants driving donkeys and armed with revolvers; Greek soldiers in red jackets and blue trousers; Greek school-boys fresh from their Xenophon and Thucydides; groups of Athenian ladies among the columns, in European *panier* and *chapeau*; many-colored strangers from all parts of the East and West, — all these standing or walking in striking tableau among the ruins on the road.

We got up this morning early and took a walk after the morning *καφφές*, which all the Greeks, like the French and Italians, seem to favor as a preparation for the *déjeuner à la fourchette*. I turned up in the direction of the palace, a great barrack-like quadrangle with a rich-colored Pentelic portico, marble plinths and window-frames, and spacious balcony in front. The glare from it in this atmosphere is almost intolerable. It is an anomaly in government that King George lives in a rented palace: singularly suggestive, too, of the slightness of the kingly tenure. The palace is the property of the late King Otho's heirs. In front there is a wide space uninclosed, and interrupted here and there by a magnificent group of aloes, oleanders, and myrtle. The palace looks in a straight line down Hermes (or Ermes, if we mean to follow the modern Greek contempt for aspirates) Street, over the beautiful tropical garden of the Constitution Square. In the centre of this square, which is a perfect thicket of myrtle, orange, aloe, cactus, cypress, and pepper trees, there is a fountain playing, and beyond lies the street, interrupted by a very curious and very ancient Byzantine church.

This church is to the modern specimens of that style of architecture what the miniatures of Hans Memling are to the large canvases of the Ve-

netians. We strolled along by the palace and turned down a spacious avenue by the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne. It is a gross slander to say that new Athens is like a modern German city; this street, particularly, is more like some of the beautiful avenues that radiate from the Arc de Triomphe at Paris, of course on a small and as yet quite incomplete scale. Did any dingy German city—even Munich, the best of them—ever have anything like some of these exquisite marble fronts, with their Corinthian and Ionic colonnades, their niched statuary, their balustrade-like cornice surmounted by grouped and classic urns? None that I have seen. They are part and parcel of this climate, where the marble floor of the Parthenon, after the pacing of myriads of feet, the assaults of various armies, the rains of more than two thousand summers and winters, and the rubbish accumulated since the time of Pericles, is nearly as white to-day as in the year of its building. It is true there are many houses here which, being built of broken limestone and faced with stucco, do resemble houses in Teutonic Europe. But it is wrong to say that the Athenian city is in the least German. Several German architects of eminence have for years been at work in laying out and building the handsomer portions of Athens; but they have failed to impress on their work the usually so distinct Germanic individual-

ity. Many of the houses I passed were very beautifully built. The marble was polished and of a mellow cream color; the windows without shutters and shaded by the movable Venetian blinds toned to suit the house; gardens full of delicious scents extended on the sides, and here and there within the grounds some small polychromatic building relieved the intense brightness of the polished surfaces. I walked down by the royal garden behind the palace, a garden designed by the former Queen Amalie,¹ after whom the street running down the front of the palace is named (ὁδὸς Ἀμαλίας). It is somewhat disappointing to see a royal garden surrounded by a rather dilapidated wooden fence painted a dingy olive green; but as soon as you look beyond the fence, the eye and the senses are delighted with the aromatic wilderness spread out before them. It all seemed so familiar to me: the yellow exquisite-scented acacia, the pink-blossomed mimosa trembling in golden sunlight, the graceful china-trees with their bunches of ripe berries, the dusty fig and silvery olive, the orange and white-flowered palmetto, the laurumundi, the flèche-like cypresses, the throng of embattled century-plants that recalled an episode

¹ The well-known lady of whom About said that while the king examined all state papers without signing them, *she* signed them all without examining them.

in the early life of Heine and crowded impenetrably on one side of the garden fence. I had seen them all, and more than these, in my own southern home. But where was the grass? Not a sprig of it apparently on the thirsty soil, all burnt up by the touch of the sirocco. Still the garden is delightfully dense, and royal courtesy opens it several hours every day to the public. Why cannot all this wonderful plain be planted in the same manner? Light as the soil is, there are ineradicable figs and olives, cypresses and lentisc, growing now where they grew in the time of Plato. And there are long cypress-bordered avenues shooting out in various directions where the trees seem most vigorous. There is even a luxuriant forest between the Piræus and Athens. Many streets are shaded by long lines of feathery pepper-trees, which have been naturalized in Greece and are highly graceful in their light and tremulous foliage.

I walked on down through the glare and dust of the street, seeking shade wherever I could find it, and stopping now and then to notice numerous large houses in process of erection in various directions. The striking cone of Lycabettus, where there is the reservoir which supplies Athens with water,¹ was before me all the time, and the range

¹ See Faucher's *Streifzüge* for a curious account of the ceremonies with which this and other waters are annually

of Hymettus, looking almost near enough to touch. There is no distance in such an atmosphere.' I passed several beer-gardens full of plants and flowers, one called *ἡ λευκή περιστερή*, with a white dove painted over the portal and inside a tangle of perfumes and blossoms. The oleander is more beautiful here than I have ever seen it, except in Louisiana. The air is laden with it as you pass, and it seems to delight in drought and sunlight. After a while I turned back and walked along behind the palace garden, every now and then catching glimpses of a marble capital or a piece of cornice lying in among the trees, probably found there when the garden was laid out, many years ago. The song of the cicada came to me over the fence, full of the sweetest associations. In our own sunny South I had learned to love it in my earliest childhood, and to listen for it on brilliantly sunny days. We children used to catch the cicadæ and make them sing for us by a little cruelty. A gentle squeeze would make them break out into shrill song. And then, what was our delight if we found the shell of one that had been shed and left sticking to some huge old black-jack! Added to such pleasant recollections were those drawn from Greek poetry, the lines of Anacreon, the lovely epigrams of the anthology, blessed by the church, that they may not dry up and leave the town waterless.

the tender sentiment attached to such ephemeral existences by the Melic poets, the dream of beauty, gayety, and evanescence which they symbolized to the laughing Athenians. They, like the imperishable olive groves of Academe, cannot be burnt out by any blaze or broil of the sun; rather they are the children of the sun, and find in him their germinant principle. In a short while my walk brought me in sight of the noble group of Jupiter Olympius, a group of grand pillars still surmounted by their architrave, standing on a gentle eminence and looking straight, from one of the façades, on the deep blue bay of Phalerum. A white sail could be seen now and then, and a wavy mountain line like the ripple of a nereid's blue hair. Nothing could be more poetic than the situation of these majestic relics of antiquity, or more picture-like than the landscape which they frame; no matter which way you look, an unrivaled perspective of the Acropolis, with the noble Panathenaic frieze, and the Parthenon, or what is left of it, peeping over the wall; then the Saronic Gulf, blue as the flames of alcohol or sulphur, the Pentelic range, the distant sapphire of Peloponnesian peaks, and even the cathedral-like Acrocorinthus. A Greek church or two lay in the foreground, with graceful oriental campanile opening here and there into arches upheld by Ionic pillars and holding a huge bell, like a brazen lily, in their

heart. The three hundred churches which Athens is said to have had in the time of Justinian have dwindled into twenty or thirty.

Yesterday evening after our 5 o'clock dinner I sallied forth, glass and guide-book in hand, to see the sunset from the Parthenon. As usual I instinctively took the longest way. Turning up the bright new street beside the hotel, I diverged to the right after a while and found myself in the usual labyrinth of alleys that skirt the environs of Turkish Athens everywhere, a labyrinth full of low drinking-shops, cafés, and inns, some with arched doorways like pictures of the place of the Nativity, opening on large, dingy, stable-like rooms with a few rude tables and chairs scattered about. Most of the houses were low, of one or two stories, with an occasional tree or trellised vine, or pot of basil. They were rough stuccoed affairs, many of them like pictures of the lacustrine hovels, abounding in children, cats, soldiers, red-fezzed men, and bare-headed women. For a time I was quite bewildered in this peculiarly Turkish and Albaniote precinct of Athens, where little Greek is spoken, but I gradually emerged on the Pelasgic slope of the Acropolis and picked my way over the débris in front of the Dionysiac Theatre.

In strange contrast with the surrounding silence and squalor were the groups of dirty Greek

children playing about among the ruins, and the solitary peasants who seemed to be hanging around in the approaching twilight with anything but benevolent intent. I soon learned, however, that Athens is perfectly safe. I wandered on and soon got among the wilderness of unrecognized ruins and localities adjacent to the Dionysiac Theatre. The ground was covered by a numerous populace of broken statues, metopes, pieces of architraves, relics of gracefully carved capitals, tombs, steles, and fluted pillars. Many were covered with inscriptions interrupted at all points by sudden and disastrous fractures — inarticulate cries in marble. The whole was like what one imagines a graveyard to be at the Resurrection — a hopeless jumble of conflicting and incoherent individualities. There was a kilted peasant near, drawing water out of a well and washing his face from the bucket. The ground was full of excavations, drains, basements of unknown buildings, walls running in various lines, then, as if themselves struck with a paroxysm of doubt, stopping short and ending in nothing. A huge archway of a vaulted subterranean passage opened suddenly as if revealed by an earthquake. Wells were sunk here and there. Mountains of rubbish lay about which not even German scholarship has yet sifted. Then I came to the site of Curtius's excavations in 1862, — the deep sem-

icircle of the Odeum of Herod, with bewitching glimpses of Salamis, Ægina, and the mountains through the ruined windows. Could there be a more perfect framework for such a scene than a ruined window with waving grasses hanging from it, and the blue laughter of the sea scintillating up? Not far off was the great theatre where the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Menander were performed, not in the life-time of the four former, but with splendor after their death. The amphitheatre of seats hewn out of the solid rock is uncomfortably vertical. Spectators in the upper tiers, like spectators at Drury Lane and Covent Garden in the amphitheatre, must have looked down on the heads of the chorus and officiating priests. The orchestra, near which were the best seats during a representation, struck me as small. Here, indeed, on the slope of the southeastern Acropolis, might Symonds have written his brilliant chapter on Aristophanes, and have conceived the varied movement and multiplicity of the sacred Dionysiac festival. But I cannot, like him, conceive the *sacred* obscenity of that scene, the religious licentiousness of its observance, the fleshly epiphany and apotheosis of the strange pagan celebration, — the long line of waving Bacchanals, the ivy-wreathed boys and Silenus-faced priests. And all this passed away! Owls and prickly pear have

replaced the wisdom and wit of Aristophanes. Aloes send up their far-darting spires where the shaft of sarcasm flew from tier to tier. Broken stones are the mournful remnant of the elegant symmetry of the Odeum. Rooks caw over the Parthenon and haunt this desolation in the twilight. The immemorial violet and crocus and narcissus, that blend with honey in scattering their scent over the field of Attic poetry, flourish in the spring-time in the crevices of the surrounding rock. Wild oats wave from the inaccessible walls of the mighty citadel of violet-crowned Athens. There is no longer the apparition of the chryselephantine work of Phidias lifting its helmed head over the Propylæa, and making its spear-point glitter like a star over the turbulent city.

Before turning in the rude wooden gate that admits visitors to the summit, one comes on a scene of almost savage ruin and bereavement. Perhaps not even the Palace of the Cæsars is a scene of more intricate architectural problems and identifications than this vestibule to the most glorious of earthly temples. For a time (being without a guide and wandering at will) I was in doubt how to gain the entrance, which stood considerably above us. Finally, after eluding the clutches of an old trinket and rosary vender who had a basket of jugs and jars for sale, I climbed up and knocked with the handle of my umbrella.

At length I succeeded in attracting the attention of a little dog that barked shrilly and came running to meet me. We soon made friends with the bright-eyed, laughing-faced fellow, and presently one of the old revolutionists of '26-'27 came hobbling to meet us. He seemed pleased at the sudden intimacy between his dog and the visitors, and admitted us without hesitation. I was surprised and delighted to find that he made no movement to accompany us, — a movement which was found very necessary when, a few years ago, a thief secreted himself among the ruins and tried to sever with his penknife the marble toe of the Niké Apteros, — and we soon found ourselves alone within the inclosure of the Parthenon, the richest mosaic of immortal memories that our world contains. It was just sunset. The air was cooled from the blue fire of the afternoon, and a gentle wind rustled among the columned temples and gateway, making a soft music for the genius of the place. Everywhere the same mouldering débris, overrun by brambles or wild cucumber vines, — cucumbers, the staple fare of the Athenian proletariat of Alciphron's time, and which pursue the fleeing traveler in all imaginable states of composition and decomposition, down to the hotel-fares of modern times !

Prostrate columns and the æsthetic chaos of an overthrown and abandoned worship ran riot

in every nook and corner. Huge Doric columns towered upward with massive architrave, or lay with their drums scattered on the ground, with the mark of the iron visible where they were joined together. The battle-field of scholars, theologians, and antiquaries lay all about. One cannot conceive how so much could have been crowded into so little space. Eleven hundred by five hundred feet are the proportions of the plateau of the Acropolis, if its perverse ups and downs can be called a plateau. The solid base rock is visible nearly everywhere except in the Parthenon itself. One is lost in the multitude of columns, chambers, and steps. This must, under Pericles, have been the richest cluster of buildings the eye ever dwelt on — dense as a bouquet of flowers. It was the blossom and burden of Attica — this carven, chromatic hill, full as any cornucopia with the products of Athenian skill. One can imagine the Athenians content with their squalid houses when their eyes turned to this splendid crag and they saw there the glory of Athenian supremacy. It is no matter of marvel that all other languages were jargon to them, and all other nations jargon-talkers (*Βάρβαροι*). No one has ever solved the riddle of this superiority of the Greeks. Think of their magnificent drama amid the surrounding barbaric silence. It is like the silver peak of the Jungfrau among the

mole-hills of the Hottentot. And then consider the isolation of their culture, its unique development, its many-sided and iridescent grace. Of course there is much of the same intellectual spirit among the distant Hindoos and Chinese, but there is an element of the grotesque combined with it that gives to all that these nations have said and done a something out of time, the tone of a cracked bell. The figure of Silenus was as near as the Greeks could get to anything that was monstrous in art. And in Silenus the union of the beast and the man was relieved by the most human laughter. Sometimes, as in Vergil's Eclogue, he was even exalted into a poetic and philosophic mentor. The streak of diabolism running through Japanese art finds no response in the Greek. Winckelmann's serenity, Lessing's beauty, are found there in abundance, but beyond the harmless satyrs and the masques of Medusa, nothing that is purely and fantastically horrible. How pure, how fragrant are these sculptured shafts surmounted by their volutes or their acanthus leaves ! how different from the ever-archaic Egyptian, the Indian temple, or the pagoda of China !

I wandered among the pillars of the Parthenon and studied out the peristyle, pronaos, opisthodomos, and cella, as well as the present condition of the temple allows. Can it be true, as Dr

Mahaffy in his recent "Rambles" affirms, that people are allowed to shoot at the remnants of the wonderful Panathenaic frieze? Or has the good doctor in this as in some other things "rambled" indeed? It is inconceivable that the Greek government could be so impotent as to allow even the possibility of such vandalism. And yet Bayard Taylor, I think, tells us that the monument of Botzaris at Mesolonghi and Ottfried Müller's monument at Athens have been similarly maltreated. And the Greeks are, as Dr. Mahaffy says, sufficiently careless of their national monuments. I was allowed to walk the whole time alone, while the ground was covered with valuable fragments of sculpture — many small inscribed pieces that any one might take away. Several of the pillars looked to me on the point of tottering over, which a little bracing would secure for centuries. The lame and futile attempts made by King Otho to reëlevate some of the prostrate pillars stand to-day as a monument of capriciously abandoned purpose. Tuckerman enters into an interesting calculation about the cost of reërecting the columns of the Olympieum, and tells us that those which are fallen could be raised for \$3,000 each. The columns, floors, and stylobates are written over with the innumerable autograph of fools, who have left behind this sole record of their folly. Everything is chipped or incised with

felonious penknives as high up as arms can reach. Lead-pencil marks are tolerably harmless, for the rain will soon wash them away, but when it comes to positively sculpturing Smith and Jones in the floors and on the pillars, — names some of which date back to the early decades of the century, — it almost seems as if an efficient guardian should accompany visitors, annoying as such guardians generally are. The Greek government cannot fret with foreign governments for not delivering up their precious fragments, as Dr. Mahaffy well remarks, when the monuments they have in their possession are thus bit by bit passing away. Ages of quarrying and stealing failed to make much impression on the Colosseum till the English tourist with his penknife and pencil arrived on the spot. In this way the Parthenon is being chipped to pieces by inches. The innumerable idiots that visit it have unwittingly piloried their own names for the execration of succeeding ages. I noticed the same autograph mania on top of the Cathedral of Milan. The delicate pilasters and sculptures that make a marble museum of its roof were, wherever it was possible, scribbled over by the pack that ostensibly go up to see the view, but really it seems to leave behind their wretched names. Jones, Smith, and Robinson on the Acropolis indeed! Could not a Bridge of Sighs, or a series of Pozzi, be constructed for these people?

—I was interrupted in my account of the Acropolis by the sound of the dinner-bell, or rather of the preparation-bell, which in this hotel rings like a fire-bell and is equal to an American gong. I went down to find our usual table d'hôte set: an Englishman talking French, a Russian officer, two other Britishers just returned from a trip through Syria and Constantinople, and five or six Greeks talking alternately in their own language and in French. French is very generally understood in Athens, and is the language of society, or of an entertainment where foreigners might be present. There are many points of resemblance between the Greeks and the French. Their eating and drinking habits and hours are the same, and there is the same intellectual quickness and restlessness, not to speak of the similarity of complexion and appearance. The fondness of the Greeks for France is seen in the publication of several French newspapers at Athens. To be sure, the French always has a very decided accent, but then it is at least intelligible, which is more than the modern Athenian can say for his attempts at other languages. Some of these Greeks are regular habitués of the hotel, and have their silver napkin rings and wine-marks; others are transient boarders, resting a few days at Athens on the way to other places, among whom are the two Syrian English-

men. I cannot say that I exactly like Greek fare. The cooks spoil everything with their oil, the associations of which are not enhanced when one recollects that great quantities of it are exported to — grease the machinery of Manchester. The red mullet which we had for dinner would have been excellent had they not been literally smothered in it. After this there were toothsome *culottes de veau*, with tomato sauce; then a very curious dish of squashes *à la Grecque*, dressed with cheese, maccaroni, and hashed meat, and made into a sort of baked pudding; last of all the usual China bowl, accompanied by a mixed salad of cucumbers, beets, and lettuce, all drowned in oil. Oil is in the air and in the cuisine here everywhere. The dinner was completed with a most delicious fruit *méringue* of apricots, succeeded by peaches and pears. In the adjoining Cabinet de Lecture a small cup of very black Turkish coffee is served regularly after every meal — a thick decoction, very sweet and black, with a chocolate-like scum on top and a decided layer of sediment at the bottom. It is served without spoons, for what reason I am at a loss to divine, except that to stir it would be to make it insufferably sweet. At breakfast the same morning the waiter first served me with a huge plateful of maccaroni, dressed with tomatoes and cheese; then three little chops, with

potatoes ; then cold fowl, cheese, and apricots. We have but one lady, a Russian, who sits opposite and is anything but handsome. She is a blonde, — rare at Athens, I should think, — with a mountainous coiffure of light hair and apparently a decided predilection for the French language, which she speaks across the table with the Russian officer, and on her own side with the Englishman — an extremely intelligent fellow, by the way, who seems to have been everywhere, even in America ; I imagine he is a newspaper correspondent. He converses with remarkable fluency and point.

The tranquillity of the Hôtel des E—— is undisturbed save by an occasional arrival. Strangers are scarce at Athens at this season. Hence everybody that comes is received with open arms and frank delight by mine host—a very handsome Greek, whom I have heard talking five different languages. The price is ten drachmæ (francs) a day *en pension* and twelve for the general public.

My room is cool and pleasant. From the balcony in front there is perhaps the most magnificent view of the Acropolis in Athens. I have its noble and majestic profile in all possible lights: the dewy transparency of early morning, the shekina-like glory of noon, the unutterable beauty of the evening, and the last look at it

under the thick crowding stars. After a while I shall have the full moon to complete this chapter of photo-landscapes.

One's only trouble (beyond the peregrinations of insects at night) is the frequency and emphasis of the cries in the streets below. These cries must begin at least at four in the morning, and continue more or less all day—fellows driving asses or carrying baskets and crying their wares to the quarter in which we live. I make vain efforts to decipher these vocal hieroglyphics, but so different is the people's language from the cultivated or the written Greek that I can make out only an occasional word—*σῦκα*, etc. I frequently hear *κύριοι, ξύλο!* (Wood, Messieurs!) It is a question of great interest whether the efforts of the cultivated modern Greeks to lead back their language to its original purity will succeed. I myself cannot but believe with Wagner that such efforts are reactionary, retrogressive, and contrary to the process of linguistic growth. The language of the newspapers is no doubt very different from the language of the markets, the streets, the cafés, and the theatre. It is, I think, almost impossible at this late date to arrest the analytic tendency of modern Greek—a tendency universal in language and which bears immediately on the rejection or expulsion of inversions, synthetic verbal and declensional forms, gram-

matical gender, and the whole paraphernalia of antique inflected speech. Already the accusative is almost universally used by the modern Greek, as it is by all the Romance languages, as *the* case fitted above all others for general use. Why the accusative should have been selected, except on the principle of its frequent use, is a question. There is the same tendency in English in the perverse substitution of the dative *them* for the earlier Anglo-Saxon accusative, and in the use of *him, me, thee*, etc., after *than* and the substantive verb. The same tendency to use the accusative or dative is traceable in Danish, in colloquial Italian, and in other languages. I can seldom catch an inflection in the talk to which I listen at cafés, perhaps because my ear is not yet sufficiently cultivated to detect these niceties. The aspirates χ and θ are heard with disagreeable emphasis and frequency. Otherwise there is no aspiration. One is inclined to think, with the author of "Modern Greek in its Relation to Ancient,"¹ that there could have been no aspiration in antiquity, or at least very little of it. If it had been strong, how could it have fallen away so perfectly? The written sign survives, just as the written *h* in Italian, but no sound is heard. Or may there not have been, as has been the case with our English *h*, two streams of usage

¹ Geldart.

and tradition, one studiously cultivated by the literate, the other unconsciously adopted by the illiterate—one set giving the rough breathing, the other and larger set ignoring it? A glance into early English literature is sufficient to show a similar state of things with regard to our *h*. Seldom neglected in the Anglo-Saxon (as having back of it acute recollections of the Germanic guttural) we find its use fluctuating and unsettled all through the great popular poems of Semi-Saxon, Early English, and Middle English Antiquity. Typical instances enough might be collected to prove this point if it were necessary,—instances gathered from Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, the *Ancren Riwe*, Robert of Gloucester, *Piers Plowman*, Chaucer, and the Elizabethan poets. It seems at least very singular that if aspiration were the rule it should have fallen away so universally. Little can be ascribed to Turkish influence; indeed, the Turks would probably have assisted in preserving this characteristic accompaniment of Hellenic pronunciation.

Small as modern Athens is, there is a curious sort of comfort in knowing that it is after all about half as large as the ancient city, *i. e.*, the city proper, excluding the outlying *demes* and ports.

Nothing brings out more vividly the transcendent cleverness of the Athenians than this small-

ness of their noble city. A handful of architects and poets have dictated to the world and exercised a thralldom which the world will never throw off. It is a despotism, too, of the purest intellect, the keenest intelligence, the most piercing and brilliant insight. We see it in the agile movements of the fleet at Salamis, on the field at Marathon, in the deference of Roman conquerors on innumerable historic occasions, even at the present day in the acute business qualities of the ordinary Greek *commis*. These characteristics have remained as indelible as the tracks of their triumphal chariots up the slope of the Propylæa. Nearly all the business of the East is said to be in their hands, not to say in their pockets. Their churches and monasteries crown every height and have the amplest domains. Even the newsboys of Athens are as lively as wildfire, and run about all day long cracking jokes and selling the news. Are they like the Celts, selling more newspapers and reading less than any other race? They have as many faces as their Temple of the Winds, but I must do them the justice to say that I have not yet (not *yet*, I say) been tricked. We are dying to find out what they eat and drink, eat and drink among themselves, I mean, and not as shown on the bill of fare of the dinner-table. How I should like to see a grand old Athenian menu from a cook that talked Doric! Doric was

their favorite language, and no doubt their recipes were as archaic. I shall call in the services of Miltiades, whom I see hovering about our vestibule, and ask him to give me a list of the *boissons populaires* that I may taste each and all. At the hotel I am going through the list of *vins du pays*, white and red Parnes, white and red Santorino, Samian, and Corinthian wines. The resinated wine I have not yet tasted. There is no taint of resin in the *Parnès rouge* which was ordered at breakfast this morning and which is labeled in French (!) "Côtés de Parnès." All the popular drinks that contain wine are said to be strongly resinated, a circumstance which Pliny says gave wholesomeness to the wine. Taylor and other travelers in Greece unite in saying that a taste is very soon acquired for this wine, and it is after a while greatly relished. I once knew a mechanic whose universal remedy—no matter what the disease—was turpentine. He even told me it was good for new-born infants. So the Greeks, those *enfants éternels*, may have thought. Nothing could be more aromatic than the spiced and shadow-spangled glades of a pine forest, but the exudations from the bark of the pine would, I should think, anything but improve the ethereal flavors of the grape. However, I mean to try for myself. Intrat Miltiades! Alas! alas! Miltiades told us yesterday that Dr. Schliemann's

treasures had been locked up. They had just as well be back in Agamemnon's Tomb or at the bottom of the sea. He gave me some account which I could not quite make out, that they had been only temporarily put away until they could be displayed in some larger building than the Bank, or *National Trapeze* (!), as the modern Greeks call it, — aptly enough named from some of its performances, — where they have been hitherto lying. Here then is a pretty pickle, — coming four or five thousand miles to find what one came to see locked up! The Greek government should surely remember that there are many foreign students here whose chief purpose is to see these treasures. We happen to know of four prominent American scholars who came expressly to see them. And here they are “interned,” as they said in the Franco-German war. Nobody is, I suppose, going to steal them; why, therefore, should they be immured in the vaults of the bank? The Greeks, however, know themselves, if they do not know foreigners.

Yesterday evening after dinner we went down by the train to Phalerum and attended the open air theatre there. How curious it seemed to me. Ἀθῆναι εἰς Φαλῆρον, Φαλῆρον εἰς Ἀθήνας; so read my return ticket, with Α θέσις (first class) added. The road was built by an English company, is about four miles long, and rides smoothly

and agreeably. This is the great promenade of Athens: take a ticket for Phalerum, stroll up and down the lovely beach, and then sit for an hour or two under the stars listening to Greek or Italian music. Modern Greek music is singularly nasal and monotone. There is something wild and wailing in it. I have heard vocalization and choral chants of great beauty in the Russian church, but the music of a Greek Easter, for example, is like a seasick Gregorian chant. It is all light and sound and lamb-eating at Easter-tide in Greece. Hettner tells how the rustic population come trooping to town with dressed lambs slung in classic fashion across their backs; of the solemn rites in the churches; the procession through the streets with lighted candles; the intense and silent expectation up to twelve o'clock the night before Easter, when the metropolitan suddenly appears in the cathedral and cries *Χριστὸς ἀνέστη!* (Christ is risen!) and then the universal outbreak of tumult, fire-arms, and rockets. — The beau-monde was out in force at Phalerum this evening. I was glad to find the seats numbered, enabling one to get up and go out in the intermezzos. The play was a little Italian operette (*Σαπφώ*), and the music was really charming. I cannot say much for Sappho's beauty, a tall, dark-haired Italian, head and shoulders above Phaon. Phaon had a pleasant tenor voice, but

sang and acted with affectation. There was a graceful ballet, at which the Athenians for some inscrutable reason hissed, for there were no legs and no indecency. Of course the dresses were wonderfully scant, and there was an exhibition of feminine gymnastics, as in all ballets, but I cannot believe the nation of Lais and Phryne so prudish as to object to legs, especially when the national costume seems so particularly to ignore them. Possibly there may have been something objectionable in the characters of the dancers. At any rate there was vehement applause as well as vehement hissing. The sensitiveness of Athenian audiences, though not so extreme as that of the Neapolitan, is evidenced by various anecdotes which have come down to us from the time of Euripides. The actors were sometimes stoned off the boards. Lucian, says Jebb, describes an impersonation of Ajax so vivid that the "whole house went mad along with Ajax — they danced, shouted, tore off their clothes." The music and the *mise-en-scène* this special evening were singularly appropriate. Hardly a flutter of breeze, cloudless tranquillity above, the gentle ripple of the Ægean on the shore, the rich mountain outlines gradually withdrawing themselves in purple obscurity, the gleam of multitudinous stars, the fragrance of the salt sea and scented gardens, all blending with the classic subject and the delight-

ful music to make an almost antique picture. The programme or libretto was in Greek interspersed with Italian songs. There was no richness in the costumes or special virtuosity in the orchestra; and yet the whole dwells in my memory as a scene to be remembered. All the time I felt the curious anachronism of such a subject melodized and embalmed in the luxurious strains of Italian art. The simplicity and monotony of the ancient Greek music seem to have been great: five or six notes and the old Pythagorean octave. In spite of the intricacy of some of their melodies there was hardly an approach to orchestral harmony among the ancient Greeks. It was left for the morbid susceptibilities of our time to find their vent in a splendid and highly developed scheme of musical expression. Beethoven and Shakspeare are what we have to pit against Homer and the Lydian flutes. It is the difference between the Parthenon and the Cathedral of Cologne.

I made the mistake of getting two tickets instead of one, not being sufficiently acquainted with colloquial Greek to rectify the error after I had discovered it. The incessant talking and humming of people all around me prevented a full enjoyment of my first musical evening in Greece.

Phalerum Bay is peculiarly beautiful. An English iron-clad was lying at anchor in the

offing, and several of her tars with their wide-awake, upturned straw hats assisted at the play. There are delightful baths, to which the languid Athenians continually resort. Fifty lepta for a bath, one drachma for the theatre, and one for the return ticket, make up an evening's amusement that is extremely cheap and popular. The water is shallow. There are several pretty villas on the shore, and the usual series of *Ζενοδοχεία*, *δστιάρια* and Brasseries along it. A gay multitude sat in front of them, enjoying the balmy air, the view, the invariable cigarette, and the tiny cup of coffee, preparatory to the play. An evening at Phalerum is almost the only summer amusement the Athenians have. One would think these beautiful mountains, like those in the neighborhood of Rome, would be covered with villas; but such has been the insecurity of the country that there are none. Little villages here and there—*Patissia*, *Colonos*, *Ambelokipos*, *Kalandri*—are sown over the plain; but they all hover in sight like a hen and her chickens. I notice in the hotel this precautionary placard: "Gentlemen on the point of making excursions will please inform the proprietor twenty-four hours beforehand." This is for the purpose of letting the authorities know of the intended journey in case an escort should be needed, or to keep them on the lookout. I can hardly realize the necessity for these

precautions, all seems so bright and safe and open in Athens. But a glass pointed at the surrounding mountain chains — the ridge of Hymettus, the passes of Daphne and Phyle, the peak of Pentelicus — soon discloses an absolute solitude. Not a house, hardly a tree, is to be seen. It is as absolute a desert as the Roman Campagna. Deserted as it seems, however, there must be vagrants and gypsies nested in this desert, for otherwise no precautions would be necessary. And when one remembers the terrible tragedy of 1870, when a party of English gentlemen and ladies was attacked and four of the party murdered in cold blood at Marathon, just eight miles from Athens, one's archæological fever abates, together with the hankering after visiting memorable localities. At home one would take a horse and gallop all over the country without asking any one's grace. A guide-book and a blue-lined white umbrella would be all that should be necessary. I am perpetually puzzled at this suggested lawlessness of the Greeks. The country is small, everywhere penetrated at least by horse-roads and bridle-paths; Thebes, Eleusis, Marathon, Delphi, only a few hours distant; then there should be perfect safety for single travelers. The Athenians boast, too, of a high degree of civilization: a beautiful university, fifty periodicals, private and public schools, handsome muse-

ums, and thousands of school-children in Athens alone. Surely there should be some fruits of all this culture.

The misery is that there is the ineradicable Klepht in the Greek nature. The Greeks will steal and murder in a noble sort of way now and then, and no civilization seems able to refine the instinct away. The Klephts are no doubt fine fellows; they sing and fight well, and they did splendid service in the Greek war of independence; but it is time their thieving and murdering proclivities should cease developing and periodically throwing the whole of Greece into a trance of fear. The accounts which Tuckerman gives of the panic at Athens when the aforesaid gentlemen were assassinated — two of them secretaries of the English and Italian embassies at the court of Greece — sound incredible. A handful of ruffians defied the entire Greek government for weeks, and half of them eventually escaped into Turkey, whence they had come.

The traveler is irritated at the never-ceasing necessity to take a guide, to inform the hotel-keeper, to inform the police, to inform the ambassador, to inform the government, of his (the traveler's) intentions, and to carry arms on journeys in the interior. It is all very well to talk about Turkish dominion, misrule, and influence lingering in the land. Two generations have

grown up since the Turkish aristocracy, furnished with all the auxiliaries of modern life, — police, constitutional government, libraries, mails, steam communication, not to speak of the churches that dot the whole land, — and it is high time that the Greeks, if they are not a mere set of chatter-boxes, should give evidence of the salutary influence of these things by a complete extirpation of brigandage. In the Ionian Islands, under the protectorate of Great Britain, brigandage was unknown, admirable roads penetrated the islands in every direction, an efficient police was installed and organized, and an unrivaled prosperity reigned. I cannot see why the Greek government, embarrassed though it may have been financially since 1827, should show itself so impotent. Their silly and eternal caviling in politics, their intense partisan spirit, the acrimony of their parliamentary discussions, and the recriminations and taunts tossed about from side to side politically, fill the Phil-Hellene with despair. What is the use of their fine *βουλῆς*, and all their fine new boulevards, national costumes, and institutions, if this continual shiftlessness is to go on? Happily the recent coalition of all parties under the leadership of the old hero Canaris seems to be leading to something like harmony. One sickens of the Aristophanic comedy of Greek politics. There are no parties, — why should there be partisans?

There is rarely any policy — why should there be any politics? Greece is in the condition of *bonhomme* Chrysale in Molière's "*Femmes Savantes* :—

" L'un me brûle mon rôl en lisant quelque histoire ;
L'autre rêve à des vers quand je demande à boire."

In the government everybody wants to be *in*, therefore everybody must be turned *out*. Hence the perpetual motion, without progress, of Greek politicians.

At 10 we left Phalerum, while Sappho was still shrieking out her swan-song. The prospect of our getting back to Athens more than counter-balanced any interest in the anticipated leap. In fifteen or twenty minutes we were at the station, where carriages and snug little omnibuses with Σίδηρο δρόμος marked on them were in waiting for the passengers. An English acquaintance and I preferred to walk home, and stopped on the way to take *πανωτά* (ice-cream), which we made the *garçon* understand by a combination of French, Italian, English, and Greek. The ices were delicious, and cost one hundred and ten *lepta* for the two, about twenty-five cents. When we first sat down to the wooden table and asked for ices, the waiter rolled his eyes wildly and then rushed off for an interpreter. The accomplishments of this personage did not extend beyond

a few fluent words in the above-mentioned languages, interspersed with copious parentheses of Greek. However, we finally came to terms and departed mutually content. One finds these refreshments in general very reasonable at Athens, though it is impossible to praise the contents of the dingy confectionery shops. A quart bottle of red Côtés de Parnès which seems to be the wine preferred at our table d'hôte, costs only three francs. And this, I was told by my loquacious newspaper correspondent, was quite dear! The resinated wine is doled out at a penny a glass, ten lepta. Tobacco shops and wine shops constitute the chief objects along the streets. And yet drunkenness is so rare in Greece as to be almost phenomenal except at Easter. Everybody smokes a lean, hungry cigarette, more full of souvenirs of the kitchen-garden than of Turkish tobacco-fields. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that nearly every other house is a café. Could the *tabernæ* of antiquity have been so numerous? We know that these *tabernæ* were crowded about the ancient agora, and that they were places of such disrepute that, though in extreme cases ambassadors were sometimes lodged in them, there is a famous anecdote current about Demosthenes, who was observed in one of them by the lynx-eyed Diogenes. Demosthenes shrank back ashamed. "The more you shrink back," said Diogenes,

"the more you will be in the tavern." Aristophanes smells of the pot-house, and I have no doubt that many a scene from his comedies was composed (mentally, at least) in just such dungeons as I look down into every day as I pass. The same is said of Müller, the genial caricaturist of Munich. How many inns have been the outs of immortal things!

The new quarter of Athens is really beautiful. I went into it this morning. If the city extends and is beautified in a way like this, in fifty years it will be one of the finest capitals in Europe. I was quite amazed at the revelation. Hitherto the elegiac sentiment had prevailed, and like the Volney of "*Les Ruines*" I had been among the ruins,—on the Acropolis, or at the Olympieum, or tracing Pausanias,—and had not discovered this handsome quarter, which extends diagonally from the palace on the right. Spacious boulevards are opening and building up in several directions, lined by elegant houses. The ambassadors and élite of the city affect this quarter. The university is here, with its picturesque tropical garden, flights of broad marble steps and statuary at either end. By the side of this is the exquisite white marble structure (designed as a higher university, chiefly scientific, I am told), of the purest polished marble, with Ionic façades and Corinthian wings richly decorated with stat-

uary. The lamp-stands are beautiful specimens of sculptured work. It is a gift of a wealthy Greek, who bequeathed \$1,500,000 for the purpose, \$750,000 for the building and \$750,000 for the endowment fund. The whole structure is a work of infinite grace, and produces a fairy-like effect in this lustrous light air. Beyond is the ὀφθαλμιατρεῖον, or hospital for eye diseases (eye-sore), a building in polychrome, producing a singularly bizarre effect by the side of its marble rival. Behind this row of buildings is the Φυσιογραφικὸν Μυσεῖον (Physiographical Museum), one wing inscribed Ἀνατομείον (Anatomy), the other Χημείον (Chemistry). The Post-office, Βουλή (Parliament House), and many very expensive residences, faced with marble and with richly decorated cornices, lie in this quarter. The ὁδὸς πανεπιστημίου (University Street) is even now one of the richest and most elegant streets I have seen in Europe. And how lustrously everything stands out in this divine air. Its lustre of gold and blue and white cannot be conceived in paler climates. The tall cypresses that stretch along the gardens are hoar with white dust. The oleander floats its fleet of delicate blossoms in every corner; the mimosa quivers and the figs ripen in many a golden angle. Lycabettus stands behind all like a special guardian of the place. The cicada warbles serenely in the plane-trees. The hoar sunlight

with the gorgeous magic of its touch evokes the subtle essences of the earth and volatilizes them into banks of lilled cloud. One is caught as it were in the focus of some saint's glory — a hurricane of soundless gold. The cicadæ sing regular cadence, and ripple forth their undulatory song in a rapture of light and joy. Clouds, wasps, and frogs dance an Aristophanic Romaika.

But the heat and the hurrying light and the white dust accelerate one's pace, and one is glad to get within the shadow of some building where there is a nest of zephyrs in ambush. I hastened on and got to the hotel to breakfast. The two ladies, my *vis-à-vis*, are, I find, daughters of the Russian consul at Smyrna, on a visit to Athens. They dress charmingly — airy muslins and white floating draperies. The supposed Frenchman turns out to be a colonel in the Russian army, General Tchernieff's chief of staff in the late war. He is said to have served with General Lee, and in the Franco-German war. He is supposed to be here on some mission. The Greeks are always supposing something about such people. Europe is run mad with diplomacy the whole livelong time. An official connected with one of these detestable little courts cannot turn his toes in without being suspected of a "mission." How thankful one is that our American foreign relations are so plain and simple.

I notice that the Athenians use quantities of these light-gray porous clay jugs for cooling water and wine. They are very graceful in shape and very light. In the market there is one stall with quite a mountain of them, and occasionally I meet a wide-pannied donkey laden with them. They are often seen placed in windows and on balconies, I suppose to catch the air, that evaporation may cool the contents. The public fountains are at all hours, particularly the classic hour of evening, crowded with Greek girls and boys drawing water and carrying it home in earthenware jugs of various manufacture. I see huge amphoræ shaped exactly like those seen in the excavations at Pompeii. One would not have to go far to see the libetes, the krateres, and the cups of Homer — not in gold indeed, except some in Dr. Schliemann's collection, but in clay in the hands of the common people. Nothing seems more enduring than the shapes and contours given to pottery. Whether a matter of taste or convenience, our water jugs and pitchers, crocks and bowls, have preserved all the antique points of utility, — the big belly, and broad foundation, the earthen handles and narrow neck, — while lavishing all the resources of silversmith, potter, and artist on their external embellishment. The iridescent phials of the Egyptians are reproduced in the glass of Venice. The rich incrustations

of Sévres are, as it were, the jeweled exudations of Etruscan ornamentation. Our taste is questionable when compared with the Greek. Those carved surfaces, red or brown or black, with their simple and severe mythologic and linear ornamentation, — that dance and rhythm of airy figures wreathing the Greek vase, as in Keats's odes — are very different from the brilliant bizarre rococo of modern ornament: the grotesquerie of Dresden, the enamels of Wedgewood, the *plaques* of Palissy, Majolica, and Limoges, with their luxuriance of tropical design. One longs for a simple Greek pitcher in all this demi-monde of jugs. There is the same difference between rococo and Greek art as between the perfumed feverishness of an *Ode Funambuliste* and one simple line of Menander. What a world of bright air and health and sweetness opens from the latter, what a dungeon of scented drawing-rooms and purple indolences yawns from the former! In certain moments, then, give me the light-kilted Greek girl with her plain jug at the fountain, before all the painted poesies of French *art céramique*.

How delightful would it be, by the way, to have one hotel furnished from top to bottom *à la Grecque*! The tawdry European furniture in Athens is a real eye-sore — dilapidated maple and mahogany, reps, French mirrors, and Not

tingham lace. Why does not some enthusiast *savant hotellier*, like the proprietor of the Drei Könige at Basle, make his hotel a museum of antiquities and restore the house architecture and dining and sleeping habits of the ancient Greeks? They are putting up vast ugly European hotels here in excess; why not a genuine Greek villa-hotel, frescoed, columned, full of light and air in sunny central spaces, with fountains and statuary and fish-ponds and gardens? There is surely ground enough purchasable for such a purpose, and no modern comfort need necessarily be eschewed. The whole furnishing and decoration should be antique. Our Southern houses are full of delightful verandas; why do not these foolish people, with a climate identically the same, introduce a similar style of house building? Many new houses are going up in every quarter, yet people build as if they were to stand a siege — heavy brick or stone walls, windows open to intolerable dust and glare, small porches in front, put there solely to show off the beauty of a group of pillars, and blinding white surfaces of marble or stucco with absolutely nothing to relieve the eyes.

There seems to be a lack of common sense among the Greeks, which was as conspicuous in antiquity as it is in modern times. This whole plain, — think of it! — the plain of Attica, might

be planted with trees, and the valley of the Ilissus like the vale of Kephissus be made a laughter of light verdure and freshness. A slight premium set on the planting of trees would rouse the people to cover their slopes with greenness and thereby attract the rain and moisture for which the land suffers so much. The Khedive is planting Egypt with trees in this way — a far hotter climate. Napoleon instituted the same observance among the French. Why could not olives and cypresses and plane-trees and sycamores be made to spread from Marathon to Piræus, and from the pass of Daphne to the peak of Pentelicus? The soil is light, it is true, but it is productive. Fruit is abundant, though inferior. If such a rock as Syra can be made the spring market-garden of Athens and Constantinople, — a rock which, when I saw it, hardly had the faintest suspicion of vegetation on it, — I do not see why this plain, once celebrated for its fertility, could not be self-supporting.

The Kephissus, the silvery genius of the Academy, flows through a spot most beauteous for abundance and fruitfulness. The eye rests on its long plantations of olives and vines with delight — one green spot in this scene of luminous sterility. There are charming drives through them, and secluded cicada-haunted hiding-places, where the spirit of Plato seems to tranquillize

the air, and the murmur of melodious philosophy to melodize the spirit of the scholar. The precincts of the Lyceum, the Olympieum, and the Museum, sacred to Apollo, Zeus, and the Muses, might be made to put on a like smile of radiant vegetation. Of course all this would involve expense, and there is much to do.

One is provoked when one sees a country so wholly given up to sunlight and idleness. And yet I am told that the Greeks are not idle. They will work all day if there is work to do and money behind it, stealing a siesta in the shade somewhere in the middle of the day and drawing their meagre pay at dark. This pay is not over two and a half drachmæ per diem. They live on nothing — therefore like princes. Such pay is wealth to the liver on black olives. There is an ancient poet who celebrates myrtle berries, honey, the portals of the Acropolis, and dried figs — all delicious fare! The Greek workmen are a fine, stalwart race, too. It must be pure air that makes them so, for they eat very little. The slouchiest-looking fellows I have seen are the soldiers and gendarmes. The painful red jackets of the latter are a focus of intolerable brilliance in this Greek fire of summer. The Albanian costume, hot as it appears to be, would be better than this poor imitation of European uniforms. Straw hats are as plenty as black-

berries. Everybody tries to be as cool as possible, except the thick-stockinged Englishman in his tweeds and cheviots. To him a tall hat is as indispensable as his teeth. In England, anything but that would be decidedly out of taste. To the correspondent of the London "Times" in Paris, a soft felt hat goes together with a blouse, Belleville, and revolution. An Englishman can forgive anything except what he deems a certain indecorum in dress. That is unpardonable, and this unpardonableness attaches peculiarly to the straw or felt hat. It is his *bête noire*.

— Thinking it would be less trying to-day we went out before breakfast and were literally swallowed up in the light and glare. I never knew the infinite blessedness of shade before. Everybody here clings to it as to a well-known indispensable friend. Pedestrians carefully seek it; coachmen and their horses stand in it. As soon as the first speck of afternoon shade appears, the café people begin to set out chairs and tables, sprinkle the ground with water, and expect visitors, who soon come out of their nests in troops, and sit and talk the whole evening away. The light is exceedingly trying to the eyes. Get up early and sit up late and sleep in the forenoon is the only agreeable division of the day. Even then there are long hours of insufferable heat. In my room there is fortunately nearly always a pleasant draught. It

is absolutely necessary to put on a pair of black or dark blue glasses to look at the Acropolis with comfort, such a tide of blinding, bounding light reflected and thrown from house to house drives in through the green blinds. I am afraid the week I have promised myself there, studying ancient topography, will have to be given up.

How pleasant to lie in the shadow of the Parthenon pillars, scan the environs with one's glass, consult one's guides carefully; and leave the place with some sort of knowledge of it — an amateur's orientation. If there is a group of mind and marble in the world that should be thoroughly explored, it is surely this famous hill. There is no better introduction to ancient history. Perhaps the finest view I have yet gotten of the Parthenon was yesterday evening from the Greek cemetery. This cemetery lies beyond the Ilissus, on a slope, and the approach to it is by a long line of funereal cypresses. I walked out there to look at the tombs, several of which are magnificent, particularly those of Korais, the famous scholar, and Sir R. Church, the late commander-in-chief of the Greek army. Of course this cemetery lacks the sweet and holy beauty of the Protestant cemetery at Rome — that resting-place of famous ashes. There is an air of neglect and age about it, a lack of water to make things green and fresh, a carelessness in laying off borders and defin-

ing walks. Beggars crouched in the streets among the cypresses and called piteously for alms — almost the first I have seen in Greece. Begging on the way to the grave! I could not help pitying the poor wretches, while I hardened my heart and gave them nothing, for it is a good principle never if one can help it to give to beggars on the public highway. The Greeks themselves, especially the lower classes, are extremely charitable.

I lingered till the last beams of the sun were streaming gloriously through the pillars of the Olympieum, springing over the classic Ilissus, now stone-dry, and touching the hill where I stood with a gentle radiance. The sun sank behind the Acropolis and left a pool of golden light there, upon which the grandiose outlines of the Parthenon stood forth in motionless serenity. Beams and parallelograms of light lay painted behind the looming pillars; peristyle and pronaos let through the winnowing rays and threw them on the columned wilderness behind; the colored light shaded and whitened into the colorless empyrean, and gave to the mountains of Ægina and Peloponnesus an airy unsubstantiality. I had never seen the profile of the Parthenon projected on such a surpassing sky. It was a sky of Rhine-wine, upon which these beauteous forms were carven as upon some giant cameo. The Acropolis, with all its clustering shadows and colors and

columns, was a heroic shield of Achilles graven on the plaque of the sky. This backward glimpse compensated me for the dust through which I had toiled shoe-deep to get to the cemetery.

In the cemetery I found soldiers, a Greek priest or two in their ugly steeple-crown hat, and a few promenaders. There were lanterns attached to some of the tombs, and on many of them the jugs I have described, inverted on a stick. This place of death, instead of smiling with perennial verdure, shares in the general sterility of all this part of Athens, — a quarter once rejoicing in unsurpassed fertility. The bare hills lay burning in the sun, with hardly a wisp of grass or an aromatic weed growing on them.¹

Coming back I crossed the Ilissus by a new stone bridge below the Olympieum, and found the bed of the stream perfectly dry except for a little drainage water here and there near the once famous fountain of Callirrhoë. It is only a few yards wide and with us would not attract the

¹ The associations of the place were not rendered more agreeable by recollections of the uncanny expedition with which the dead are hurried to burial in Greece — an event which takes place twenty-four hours after death. Bating this, and the singular custom of exposing the *face* of the dead on the way to burial, the Greeks treat their dead with great reverence. Tuckerman relates how, having an engagement with a gentleman on the day following a meeting, he sallied forth to fulfill it, and met — his *corpse*!

slightest notice. Yet what inexhaustible interest centres about it for the scholar. A few miles of intermittent water refreshes half the domain of Greek poetry ; the Kephissus and the sea meander through the rest. The microscopic scale of distances and magnitudes here is a source of never-ceasing surprise. One may have had one's Smith and Leake and Wordsworth at one's fingers' ends long before arriving in Attica; and may have known every measurement in the tiny commonwealth ; still, on the spot, in the face of the gigantic achievements of these pygmies, one is lost in wonderment when one actually sees the territorial insignificance of their empire.

Seeing a great number of people walking down a sort of wide boulevard toward the Ilissus, I followed and soon found myself in a sort of Athenian Champs Elysées. *Κῆπος τῶν χαρίτων, Κῆπος τῶν Ἰλισσίδων Μουσῶν, Κῆπος τῶν ἀντρόντων νυμφῶν* stood written over three gardens, in which a multitude of people sat eating and drinking. It was refreshing to see these beautifully wooded spaces in the centre of so much desolation. A band was playing in the Garden of the Muses of the Ilissus, but it was sadly out of tune. Dissonant cries from the waiters rose on every side ; a bell was jingled ; the cracked band broke forth into its wildest discord at intervals, and the people seemed to be in a state of holiday hilarity. The

waiters in the cafés, I may remark incidentally, are singularly careless in their dress. They go about dirty, in their shirt-sleeves, often smoking cigarettes or cigars, with a smudgy apron and perhaps slipshod slippers on. I have noticed this even at the best cafés along Ermes and Eolus streets. There is no style about either the cafés or their attendants. The table ware is invariably dirty; neat tables and chairs are perfectly unknown except at the αἰ 'Αθήναι, the Belle Grèce, and one or two other places; coffee is generally served in small, dingy cups, with a glass of dirty-looking water, on a pewter or ill-plated waiter; ice-water is doled out in niggardly doses in case you call for *παγωτά*, and in the hotels only at table d'hôte; in short, the Greeks, though they live in the streets except in siesta hours, know nothing of even ordinary Parisian or English comfort.

One would think that a hot climate would suggest a hundred devices and ameliorations by which to make life tolerable: floors carpeted with matting, window-awnings, verandas, cooling drinks, suburban or sea-side resorts, planting of trees everywhere, production of superior fruit, light and wholesome food, inexpensive baths and bagnios, — in a word, the most ordinary necessities of summer life. As it is, hot carpets in summer, heavy furniture, awningless windows and

verandaless houses, drinks that heat up an already exasperated body, a single poor little promenade at Phalerum, few trees, poor fruit, food rank with oil and condiments, and the necessity to go miles for a bath unless one lives at a first-class hotel,—such is the picture of Athens in summer. What it may be in winter I do not know. Then the cold is, according to all accounts, equally uncomfortable. Roots of olive-trees and scrapings of vineyards keep the pinched and peevish sojourner thawed—not to be euphemistic—at an enormous expense. The mountains around are sprinkled with snow, and the poor Greeks go lantern-jawed all the winter long, owing to their ignorance of the simplest household contrivances. So in these Armida gardens were the rudest arrangements for comfort. I sat in the Garden of the Graces (!) and called—not for ambrosia but for a lemonade, which was brought by a slovenly fellow in shirt-sleeves. The whole thing was unclean—a scum on the lemonade, dirt in and on the glass, a pewter spoon, and an untidy tray. And this is one of the chief resorts in Athens!

At half past eight there was a play in Greek at the Apollo Theatre (Θέατρον ὁ Ἀπόλλων) in the same *café-chantant* garden. This I enjoyed very much. The acting was good. I heard for the first time the Greek clearly and elegantly

pronounced. There was a throng present ; the evening was beautiful, and we sat until twelve o'clock following the trials and triumphs of two lovers, sat under the stars, the night breathlessly lovely, the fragrance of oleanders breathing everywhere, the bravos and laughter of the Athenians audible every few moments, and all about an indefinable pathos of passionate recollections. A modern comedy on the banks of the Ilissus ! But is not this Greek life an eternal comedy ? Was it not a centuries-long comedy in antiquity ? Is anything more to be expected from these sunny people ? When I left, late as it was, there was still a third piece, more or less lurid, to be acted. The Athenians do not seem content with a little, they must have a long draught of pleasure. I heard the crowd returning about half-past one. In the intervals there was a little discordant third-rate music. This evening they have "Trovatore" in Italian at Phalerum.

What tiny sheets these Athenian newspapers are ! Two columns of the "Tribune" would fill some of them entirely. They sell for almost nothing, a penny or ha'penny, and are written with a greater or less spice of pedantry. The dative and genitive cases, which the popular dialect regularly ignores, reappear in them with classic precision ; the vanishing nominative takes the place of the more popular accusative as sub-

ject ; the *n* in the accusative singular of masculine and feminine nouns, which is dropped by the people, studiously reappears ; and the *iota* which the people add in the accusative plural to certain nouns is carefully expunged. Thus people are getting accustomed to a classic standard ; the ancient Greek, as the old English with Tennyson and Morris, is the great source of neologisms, and antique phrases are gradually, almost stealthily, reintroduced from the pages of the poets and philosophers.

— We set out on an objectless walk this morning, and found ourselves after a while on one of the numerous dusty roads that lead into the olive grove, that famous bit of Athenian antiquity ; we wandered on and on until we got quite into the country, and found ourselves alone in this solitary forest. The day is 'delightful, — cloudy, with a fresh northeast breeze ; no dust. Yesterday on the Acropolis I felt the singular propriety of that marble group which so much struck Pausanias — *Earth asking showers of Zeus*. It is as if the breath of a furnace-blast had blown over this country and burnt up everything. Dust blows sky-high, into one's third story windows, over the house-tops and church steeples, permeating and penetrating everything with a fine white powder. All the vegetation is silver-hued with it ; it careers wildly along the streets in great clouds, and

blinds and suffocates everybody. Imagine, therefore, how delightful to be out under these breezy olives, with the fragrance of a thousand aromatic shrubs and flowers in the air, threats of refreshing rain in the distant horizon, and innumerable cicadæ filling the woods with their song. The shadows of the olives are getting longer over the road, and the afternoon is coming on. The cicadæ hum drowsily — their dream of summer light is short; donkeys are braying and dogs barking afar off; the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate wave gently from out the bright green leaves; fields full of low graperies scatter their scents of promised and ripening fruits; peasants and country people lie asleep in the shade; the wind makes wavy and trembling melody among the trees. It is a Greek scene full of Greek suggestions. Not far off is Colonos, the birth-place of Sophokles and the scene of Œdipus' death; little Greek chapels nestle here and there among the figs and cypresses; the long white roads meander like a line of light through the olive solitudes and glooms; a carriage drives lazily by at intervals, or a curious *contadino* saunters along, eying me and my book. What immense and strangely individualized creatures these olive-trees are! The trunks of many of them are positively huge. But then they are seldom more than eight or ten yards high, with a large tuft of out-spread foliage

atop and on the sides. They line the roads and fill the fields like an apple-orchard. Fences are seldom to be seen.

This grove is one of the most genuine relics of antiquity about Athens. Human hunger has kept it alive when all the marble glories of Perikles and Phidias have perished. And the Kephissus? It is now perfectly dry, — a small channel of mud and river jacks, bearing evidences of inundation, full of weeds and wild herbage, a fig-tree here and there growing out of its banks, — hardly even what we should call a creek. It is as tortuous as some of these gnarled olives, and under no circumstances can be more than a few feet deep. Yet Plato and Aristotle, Socrates and Xenophon, delighted to walk along its banks. A sacred Olivet for the scholar is Plato's part of this grove — the *Ἀκαδημία*, still so called by the Greeks. It is full of nightingales in the spring. Is it not as if one were not reading but realizing the "Phædon"? No doubt these small black ants that cover the whole face of the earth here covered it in Socrates' time, and perhaps crawled over the Son of Sophroniscus as they are crawling over me — ants big and little, brown and red, and black and long-legged. The tufted grass, the donkeys going by laden with children and fruit and vegetables, the rooks that hover in the air and caw lazily — all, no doubt, were the same.

The quaint little dogs, too, that snap at you now and then cynically—ghost of Diogenes, how real they are! The whole place is full of the mellowest music of associations. Greece is so intertwined with one's earliest recollections by themes, versions, plays, prize poems, paper work (as the English say); boyhood, that poetic antiquity of each one of us of elderly age, is associated more or less richly with all these. And to find the mythologic and historic names more than realized in this classic grove to-day! It is a dream which I should never have hoped to realize.

"We arrived," said Hughes, describing the Academy, "at the banks of the Kephissus, the ancient rival of the Ilissus, and its superior in utility, flowing through the fertile plains which it still adorns with verdure, fruits, and flowers. A scene more delightful can scarcely be conceived than the gardens on its banks, which extend from the Academy up to the hills of Colonos. All the images in that exquisite chorus of Sophokles, where he dilates with so much rapture upon the beauties of his native place, may still be verified; the crocus, the narcissus, and a thousand flowers still mingle their various dyes and impregnate the atmosphere with odors; the descendants of those ancient olives on which the vigilant eye of Morian Jupiter was fixed still spread out their broad arms, and form a shade impervious to the

sun. In the opening of the year the whole grove is vocal with the melody of nightingales, and the ground is carpeted with violets, those national flowers of Athens; at its close the purple and yellow clusters, the glory of Bacchus, hang around the trellis-work with which the numerous cottages and villas are adorned. Oranges, apricots, peaches, and figs, especially the latter, are produced here of superior flavor; and at the time I wandered through this delightful region, it was glittering with golden quinces, weighing down their branches, and beautifully contrasted with the deep scarlet of the pomegranates which had burst their confining rind; nor can anything be more charming than the views which present themselves to the eye through vistas of dark foliage: the temple-crowned Acropolis, the em-purpled summits of Hymettus, Anchesmus, and Pentelicus, or the fine waving outlines of Corydalis, Ægaleos, and Parnes. . . . This paradise owes its chief beauty to the perennial fountains of the Kephissus (Æd. Col. 685), over whose innumerable rills those soft breezes blow which, according to the ancient muse (Eurip. Med. 835), were wafted by the Cytherean queen herself."

—Yesterday all day long, I was on the Acropolis, studying out the topography of its temples and monuments. The day was one of the coolest and pleasantest I have spent here; somewhat too

windy, to be sure, but that made no difference, as there was little dust up there. I returned to dinner with a far more perfect notion than I ever before had of the plan of this celebrated place. With my glass too I discovered the circular monument of Lysikrates, which I had not before been able to find. It is in a labyrinth of crooked streets. The evening before I visited the The-
seum and found the square in front full of new recruits drilling for the army. What awkward, clumsy fellows they were, too! "Εν, δώ! "Εν, δώ! sounded from the drill-sergeant, who was trying to make them keep step; "Εν, δώ! "Εν, δώ! echoed from all sides, while the great temple stood there in the grand evening light, aghast at the insolence. An old soldier came up to me and said something in Greek, which I did not understand; 'Αλλὰ, said he, then shrugged his shoulders and turned on his heel. A wretched little café is perched just in front of one of the porticoes of the temple, and a soldier sat drinking at a table placed between the pillars. A rich golden tint has mellowed the brightness of the Pentelic marble, the saucy little Greek church which had perched itself in the *cella* has been removed, restorations or strengthenings of the crumbling pillars have been made at several points; the whole seems to be the object of affectionate veneration by the modern Athenians. But, as

in Germany, there is hardly a ruin or a piece of picturesque ground that is not defiled by a hideous little saloon, as if the moment one arrived in the presence of a beautiful object, one then and there needed the assistance of some abominable drink. It is the same with the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, where even nectar and ambrosia would be out of place, much more the cluster of foul little Καφενέια that one actually finds. Dozens of rude tables and chairs are placed around, at which people sit drinking coffee, smoking narghileh-pipes, eating microscopic ices, or sipping *crassi*. The latest phase of Greek politics—as changeable as watered silk—or the legs of the last ballet dancer at Phalerum are discussed in the shadow of these glorious pillars from sunset to sunset. One's breath is taken away by such incongruities. And in the neighboring garden theatre Lady Jane Grey (Ἰωάννα Γρέυ) is murdered in five acts!

—I write this sitting on the steps of the Bema, —a huge platform of rocks symmetrically heaved so as to resemble a pulpit, with a short rock-hewn staircase on each side, one of five steps, the other of four. The Bema stands on or rises out of two platforms, also of rock, and has a magnificent facing toward the plain of Attica, the vale of the Kephissus, the hill of the Nymphs, the Acropolis, and the Areopagus. Directly in front,

on its own slight eminence, lies the Theseum, a rich mass of mellow marble, in this summer sun. The buttressed and many-walled crag of the Acropolis rises to the right and presents the marvelous *point d'appui* of which the Attic orators were so fond in their speeches, beautifully encrusted with its templed coronet of Pentelic, with the slope before it all covered with gigantic aloes. Lycabettus rises to the north, and to the southwest a sea of purple lustre mantles the Attic plain, Geronia, Parnes, Kithæron, and the Pass of Daphne. There is no place in this lovely land whose associations are more eloquent. This rock is imperishable.. It has not suffered in the earthquakes and bombardments that have shattered the Parthenon. The Athenians, Pericles and Demosthenes, saw from it, perhaps, as I see now, the diagonal bands of light and shadow which the pillars of the Theseum are casting on the *cella* of the temple, just in those delicate curves and undulations in which Greek art delighted. The Propylæa lift their sumptuous façade in full view, and the dainty apparition of the Ionic-scrolled Temple of Nike Apteros surmounts its masonry with a winged and ethereal whiteness. Perhaps they even heard the guttural caw of the ancestors of the rooks circling over me, and filling the place with the superstitious awe with which the Greeks regarded the fabulous

venerableness of some of these creatures, or the irreverence with which they associated them with their favorite oath. Surely, however, this hill, all girdled with august ministrations and habitudes, — the cavern of the Erinnyes, of Apollo and Pan, the Grot of the Nymphs, and the seat of the hoar and reverend court of the Areopagus, — could not have been given up to the goats and shepherds and ravens as it is now. One can almost fancy one hears that famous speech of St. Paul's, as he stood here and cried, Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πάντα ὥς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ, — “Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.” The little Piræus railway engines send their scream up here every fifteen or twenty minutes, and rudely tear one out of one's classic visions. A kilted goat-herd is browsing a flock of long-horned goats on this hill, so famed in Athenian politics. I even saw him hook three or four of them in the horns with his crook, and deliver them over to a wretch on horseback, who forthwith slaughtered them and sent their blood trickling down these storied rocks. The Bema and its steps, like much of the surrounding red marble rock, are covered with patches of golden mould, or lichen, which gives a vari-colored look to the whole. From the summit of the Bema entrancing views crowd in on every side. What scenes and

associations unroll before one on this memorable height. Athenian citizenship, popular elections, the subtle and the florid oratory of Sicilian rhetorician or Attic sophist, the infinite comedy of the Attic law courts, the multitudinous echoes of the final struggle for independence, — all are linked and anchored to this lichened rock. Everything about it is voluble and articulate with the past. How keenly one realizes Hölderlin's verses : —

“ Attika, die Riesin, ist gefallen ;
 Wo die alten Göttersöhne ruhn
 Im Ruin gestürzter Marmorhallen,
 Brütet ew'ge Todesstille nun.”

The huge thunder-clouds of this morning have broken into pellucid and rainless sunlight. The mountains — the “*purpureos colles florentis Hymetti*” — jut out sharply with a jeweled precision. Meandering roads curve along the sides of Hymettus¹ (mad mountain, the peasants call it) and Lycabettus as plainly as if they were a few yards off. It looks as if one might step into the garden that is laid off to the west of the Temple of Theseus. There is a white gleam on the tiny

¹ A curious etymology : during the Venetian occupation Hymettos changed to Hymetto ; the unaccented syllable fell away, and Monte *Matto* remained. *Matto* is Italian for *mad*. Cf. the legend of Mt. *Pilatus* in Switzerland — *mo'is Pileatus*, capped mountain, confused with the mediæval legendary wandering of Pilate.

church of *Agia Marina*, below the hill of the Nymphs, and I can almost see the mass of smooth worn rock where, following an ancient tradition,¹ women still slide down as a cure for barrenness. It is too early for the *Place d'Armes*, to the south of the Theseum, to fill up with the new muster. The temple is certainly a grand bit of architecture in this golden afternoon.

¹ See Taylor's *Travels in Greece*.

III.

WHAT a singular nest is the Stoa of Hadrian ! This once magnificent structure survives only in a few mutilated Corinthian columns, and has been converted into a sort of rookery of roosting peddlers. Its colonnades and temples, library porticoes and baths, its Propylæum and spots of Orient sunlight where the fashionable world promenaded in the days of the Phil-Hellene emperor, are now what the Germans call an *Eulennest* (an owl's nest). All the tinkers and tramps of the Arabian Nights seem to sit there cross-legged, surrounded by piles of apricots and figs, pulling away at hookahs, or sipping their ρακί, or chewing μαστίχα, or taking the preparation they call λουκουμία. It is the den of the Forty Thieves transferred to Athens and illuminated by an Athenian sun. There is no more amusing promenade in Athens than — if you have a good nose — to walk through this quarter early in the morning, and take in the whole oriental vivacity of the scene : little cafés, with rows of decanters full of green, red, and white liquids, and the curious little revolving machine which, driven by a stream

of water, is made to strike two glasses, and thus melodiously attract the wayfarer ; little cigarette shelves hanging out of windows hired for the purpose, with their pair of huge brass scales, their boxes of *καπνός* or common tobacco and their brands of *πολιτικός* (the Greek Havana) ; the water-cooler sellers with their heaps of graceful jugs to chill water by evaporation ; the groups of donkeys, with their panniers of fruit and vegetables, and the huge brass scales pendent at the side ; the rows of small booths full of a Rag-Fair of articles — shoes, fezes, “fustanelle,” rosaries made of shells, gay cloths and trinkets, fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit, all mixed in an indescribable picturesqueness and confusion ; and out of it all the minarets of a Turkish mosque climbing heavenward, with the cry of the muezzin, if it be evening. It is as if the many-colored dome of some cathedral had been shattered into a thousand pieces, and the many-colored pieces had suddenly become alive here ! It is a Midsummer Night’s Dream of the maddest color, filth, and noisiness.

Newsboys thread the winding passageways and cry, *Ἡ Παλιγγενεσία* (the Regeneration), or *Τὸ ἐθνικὸν Πνεῦμα* (the Spirit of the Nation), at the top of their voices. Donkeys bray in the brusqueſt manner. Lively chatting goes on between buyer and seller. Ancient Turks, perhaps

drowsy with opium or nothing to do, sit in the oriental posture or scratch their turbaned heads. Groups of men in the stately Albanian costume, with their grand walk and graceful air, stalk up and down with Eastern impassibility, price an article, call for a *φωτιά* (brazier of coals for lighting cigarettes) at the cafés, or converse in the strange patois of Greece about the last conclusions of the *βουλή* or House of Delegates. The Greeks are inexhaustible politicians, as they were in the days of Alcibiades, and they do not willingly let an occasion go by without a word or two on the future of Greece. Always the future, the *Τὸ Μελλόν*, never the present! And when it is not the future it is the past — that burden of dazzling inheritance which oppresses the modern Greeks, which makes them arrogant and contemptuous at efforts to suggest improvements to them, and which flings up their modern end of the scale, by way of comparison, into something like the Clouds of Aristophanes. An Albanian woman in scarlet fez and golden tassel may be seen here and there, going the market rounds and haggling in the true Ionian fashion; or another in long petticoat, with embroidered sleeves and skirt, over which is a sort of tunic of white woolen, and hair and neck loaded with chains of coins strung together, stops somewhere in the bazaar, and passes a few words with a fruit vender; or the high boots of the

Cretan costume stalk in now and then like the veritable puss in the fairy tale, and linger before some quaint stand loaded with appetizing merchandise. Small boys hang around bareheaded, and eye the baskets of nuts and dainties that the kilted peddlers carry about for sale, sometimes venturing up with a few lepta, and going off triumphant with a handful of these delicacies. Wagon loads of perfect oranges block the road at intervals — huge, luscious fellows, yellow as gold and sweet as sugar, with a flavor and an aroma truly divine to the orange-liker. Pears hang in strings like sausages, and tempt the market-woman bent on a cheap dessert for dinner. Knots of Murillesque figures munch melons and figs in a corner, or perhaps carry on that operation which Dickens describes as the chief Sunday employment of the Genoese. A man waters the street with a wet broom, and thereby makes the dust fly worse than ever. Platters of black olives shine on barrel-heads; a brace of young fellows are eating out of a common plate in a sort of wilderness of tomatoes, fish, and butcher's meat. Mangy curs slip in and out, and snarl over their bones under the tables. St. Bartholomew's Day is revived on a small scale, but St. Bartholomew baptized after the Greek rites.

Up the street is the Tower of the Winds, but it seems to have transferred its Eolian versatility to

this spot dedicated by Hadrian to Jupiter Panhellenius, but now the Pantheon of peddlers. Not many years ago dancing dervishes gave their performances here, as if to fill up the measure of historic incongruity. Greek and Muslim, hadji and archimandrite, mosque and minaret, agora and shrine—what a whirl of panoramic confusion. It is like a journey in a railway car, where fences, fields, sea, and sky blend in an indistinguishable posy of dissolving views. Dirty canvases are stretched from side to side to keep out the cleansing sun. Immemorial fleas hop about in the fetid twilight. Those scavengers of the air, the flies, hold high carnival, and tattoo everything with their touch. At the end of a dark avenue of awnings is a burst of sunlight falling on the scarlet bellies of tomatoes, and giving lustrous focus to all these lines of light. At the end of another the sunlight has fruited into globes of golden oranges, that lie among their green leaves and make a glory in the summer darkness. Then piggins of white, cream-like butter catch the eye, cheeses in classic goatskins, great brown loaves of Attic bread (called *ψωμί*) on the corners, and peasants roasting ears of corn in a brazier of coals. It is chaffer, chaffer, chaffer, all day long.

Well does this spot justify its antique celebrity, for near here was supposed to be situated a subsidiary branch of the great Athenian Agora,

that lay between the Pnyx and the Areopagus and converged and focalized the life of ancient Athens. Something of the same diseased instinct by which churches spring up perpetually on one another's sites is exemplified here. Churches, graveyards, and market-places have an elective affinity for the spots of their ancient renown. The gods, the graves, and the people will not give up sites once sacred to them, and succeed by a strange sort of primogeniture to their hereditary possessions. In the guttural twang of this market-place survives the silvery accent of Aspasia. In the fantastic Orientalism of the costume is a reflex of the white and blue and red of the antique figures that frequented these marble pillars and cast their painted shadows on the pavement. In the sharpness of these shrilly tongues is more than one reminiscence of the orators. One recalls the "swarms of chattering poetasters" called by Aristophanes "colleges of swallows."

"Not tailed cicada, jay, or nightingale,
Not turtle-dove or grasshopper can match
Thy chattering."

Jebb.

In the wisdom of these terse proverbs — terse and Turkish and Athenian all in one — is more than one color from the palette of Theophrastus. The nightingales that sang to Sophokles in that

exquisite chorus of the Œdipus are heard all about the Athenian groves still. There is perhaps an added note of pathetic richness since the grand old poet died, but the Greek poets still survive in their nightingales. So in this heap of pictorial nastiness there has been a miraculous preservation of habits and instincts. The brown, olive-complexioned lads and lasses have not been so Slavonized — *pace* Fallmerayer! — that one cannot distinguish resemblance enough to the mutilated statuary through the museums of Europe, nor is it the resemblance of a dead man across a glass case to his living self. Greece lives — Athenian loquacity lives in the fifty periodicals of the place. Athenian litigiousness lives in the animation of the courts. The *panem et ludos* live in the agility and frequency with which the Athenians, grasshopper-like, skip to the seashore and hang over the opera of Phalerum from evening to evening. The dead mountains live in their honey and marble. The Lyceum, the Cynosarges, and the Academy live in the university and the Varvakion. Nothing could be more living than the air and the sunlight and the olives, — not even the quick-stepping trot at which the droschke horses are made to go, or the quick spasm of the Greek speech — for spasm and sputter it seems to be — in a political difference at a café. The novelties intermixed with the antiquities of the

place do not jar on one so much as at other places ; as, for example, to find "Godey's Lady's Book" on top of the Pyramids. The Athenians were ever receiving and absorbing something new. Their fleet, like a myriad nervous system, was ever bringing them new impressions and sensations. They had a plastic nature, like Alcibiades', infinitely adaptable to all circumstances, whether they sang at Syracuse or fluted at Sardis, whether they dedicated with the radiant irreverence of Aristophanes the finger and helm of Athene Promachos, or whether they sat under the solemn splendor of the stars in the awful court of the Arcopagus. They are the harlequins of history.

What a stream of embassies and expeditions, truces and wars, processions and festivals, is this brilliant Athenian antiquity. It is a game of more than human athletes, and in everything they did there is nearly always, as it were, the perfume of some invisible ambrosial presence. Be it a song of Anacreon or a snatch of Sappho, be it the defense of Salamis or the chisel of Praxiteles, there is an unapproachable grace, an unreachableness which we must ever despair over. The sting of such a despair is just the most exquisite stigma of art — just the stimulus that has driven the moderns to what they may have attained in art. We see it inserted in the thigh of the Re-

naissance and spurring on the Italians to a frenzy of development, like some Jove-sent gad-fly. We cannot look into a studio or a cathedral without seeing the fruition of the Greek spirit. Here in Athens it survives to-day in the great intellectual activity that prevails, in the curiosity of the population, their eager thirst for knowledge, their numerous schools and rapid improvement in every direction.

There is a keen love of money, too, coupled in many cases with extreme munificence. The old ardor of the Greeks cannot be put out in a day nor in a century. With Macedonia and Thessaly Cyprus and Crete, the Greeks would rapidly rise in importance and develop a real nationality. Now, of course, Greece is a mere mass of rocks and chatter. Athens is off the great lines of trade and communication, but by being made an intellectual centre is increasing far beyond any city in the kingdom. Its university will catch for it the miraculous draught of fishes—will, one hopes, be the great panhellenizing principle of this strange agglomeration of islands, peninsulas, and main-land. Twelve hundred students every year in a small nationality of one or two millions will carry forth enthusiasm for the new culture into all the provinces, and justify the help and interest of foreigners. Whether the government can grapple with its endless economical difficulties

is a grave question. There seems to be a lack of astute statesmanship in this direction. But the ability of the Greeks themselves to make money and to prosper is unquestionable. They are the bankers and the money-changers of the East. There even runs a proverb about the Greeks of Athens on this point. But an intelligent Greek told me that the young men of Athens, ψύλλοι ἐν τοῖς ἀχύροις (fleas in the straw, he called them), instead of patronizing home industries will run to their tailors for a French coat, and spend all their money in foreign riff-raff.

The term "French dressing" is sufficiently distinctive here to be put in inverted commas. But Heaven only knows what the Greeks would do if they relied entirely on themselves. A glance into their shop windows is almost comic. All sorts of miscellaneous stuff, odds and ends of ribbon and lace, heaps of common lawns and calicoes, bundles of ordinary white umbrellas, — what seems like the refuse of the Parisian *boutique* on the boulevard Montmartre, — meet the eye in sorrowful abundance. Yet the men dress well, and the women of the upper classes too. The *parfum violet* and the modes of Paris flame here and there on gilded signs — signs unspeakably refreshing to the Athenian, who hurries by the little bits of *diablerie* called "native" shops, and finds relief in an adjacent café. Cafés are unfort-

unately always adjacent here. At both elbows, in front and behind, there is no escape from their fumes till you are safe on the Acropolis or in the olive groves, — any more than there is from the grease and tomato sauce of the table d'hôte. One picks up the bill of fare every day in despair to find "poulets à la sauce tomates," "gigot d'agneau aux tomates," "filet de bœuf à la sauce tomates," "âne roti aux tomates," "crème de la crème à la sauce tomates" staring one in the face. Any civilized way of cooking tomatoes — baking, preserving, stewing, or in soup — seems utterly unknown to this tomato-ridden people. From daylight in the morning they begin to cry *Τὰς τωμάτας! τὰς τωμάτας!* in the street below, interspersed with short slices and spells of *Ἡ Παλιγενεσία*, an everlasting newspaper. Greece would have achieved something long ago if it had not been for tomato sauce. — Then come beans and okra and pears and *τὰς τωμάτας* again. This succession of shrill and unappetizing screams is anything but a pleasant preparation for the inevitable tomatoes which one is sure to find at dinner. There is an ascending series of sensations — a gustatory staircase — from the first cried tomatoes up through successive stages of grease and sauce along about midday, till the final and crushing culmination at table d'hôte. The market-place bleeds toma-

toes ; they are hawked at street corners and howled on the house-tops, borne round by asses and bought by asses, weighed out by the pound, gleam through the twilight and gather at dusk. Well, America has given the Greeks tomatoes and female schools and missionaries ; who can say we have not done our part. There's the table d'hôte bell now ! Tomatoes, tomatoes, tomatoes !

It would take another Athenæus to chronicle all the curiosities of Greek cooking. This morning, descending gayly to our 11 o'clock breakfast I was greeted (breakfast, mind you), as the first course, with a plateful of rice saturated with grease and tomato sauce. This on a delicate stomach rendered almost morbid by long sleep ! Then came a dish of raw tomatoes, which I have myself introduced to the knowledge of our head waiter — a dish prepared in our favorite American fashion, and a thousand times more palatable than all their concoctions and confectations. Then the waiter brought in with an artistic flourish a plate of indescribable stuff, a sort of sausage covered all over with thick white sauce and garnished with what tasted like boiled cucumbers. Then — but Heaven only knows what he would have brought next ! After the shrimps with olives that succeeded the soup at dinner yesterday, one was prepared for anything.

But to our infinite relief he brought in a dish of delicious apricots, which with the *vin de Parnès* somewhat counteracted the propylæa of grease which introduced the breakfast. Greek cooking is a mixture of Italian, Turkish, Albanian, French, English, and native customs. The thick, sweet, unsettled black coffee that succeeds every meal — more a confection than a coffee — is Turkish. The mountains of maccaroni dressed with tomato sauce and cheese are a souvenir of Naples. The frightful combinations of okra, beans, and tomatoes in which they envelop their lamb and veal must be purely and diabolically Greek, for I have never seen anything similar elsewhere. No wonder the Greeks are so slender — mere silhouettes of people. Such food would wear an Occidental to a knife-blade. It seems, however, to have had the contrary effect on the women, who at a certain stage of their existence resemble bladders. They are human cucumbers that have lain too long in the sun and gotten yellow. — Our dessert yesterday was a cold rice pudding spiced with nutmeg and cinnamon and garnished with red and green iced cakes. The pie-crust, like the German, is sweet and heavy. On Fridays and Sundays sardines seem to be handed round as a sort of salami; sausage croquettes take the place of fish sometimes; roast beef with salad of cucumbers, beets,

and lettuce varies the usual fowl-ness of the last course. Yesterday nectarines and cantaloupe were added to our constant figs, apricots, oranges, and pears. There is Schweizer cheese, but only a Greek or two affect it. Wine in this climate is absolutely necessary, not only because the water is generally bad (lemonade color), but to help digest the ingenious horrors of a Greek dinner. Even the famous *ρετσίνατο κρασί*—resinous wine—could be tolerated in these circumstances. And yet some of the Greeks—God help them!—seem to thrive on their fare. The men are singularly handsome, while the married women seem to become immediately stout; there is a strength and grace in the figures of the former that we should expect from their open-air life; while some of the latter, though without the florid bloom of the Teutonic women, have yet a glow under their cucumber complexions that betokens health. Occasionally one meets with a very fine pair of eyes among them. Most women who wear the Albanian fez—whether from the unbecomingness of its flat red folds and tassel, or from the ungraceful way of dressing the hair—are homely. Not unfrequently braids of hair are wound round the fez in a very graceful way—in which case the fez is a mere red skull-cap, often subdued in color by a black lace veil. Many women of the lower classes wear our old-

fashioned Southern bandannas, which give them a curiously mulattesque look.

— Yesterday evening after dinner I strolled down the ὁδὸς Ἀμαλίας by the palace garden, — which from four till seven in the afternoon is given up to nurses and baby Greek, — toward the Olympieum. Again and again I have to admire the wonderful æsthetic and pictorial instinct of the Greeks in selecting their sites for temples. Sunium, Ægina, Olympia, Eleusis, Delphi, Delos, all emphasize and illustrate this. Points just where the morning rays may play about the sculptured pediment, or the western sun blaze pathetically on the columned whiteness of the posticum; points where the sea may be seen sending its sapphire lance into the land and carving out a lustrous isle; points where the ripple of a mountain outline relieves the delicately curved rectilinear lines of a stylobate, or evening-purpled pictures may be glimpsed through the pillars shining on the far seas, — all these they picked out with an infallible feeling of what was true and beautiful. There could hardly be a finer position for this great temple of Jupiter Olympius. The beautiful swell and curve of the eminence on which its fifteen surviving pillars rise, — fifteen out of the original one hundred and twenty-four, — its gentle slope toward the Ilissus and the fountain of Callirrhœ, and the angle at which

the Saronic Gulf sends its gorgeous blue laughing up the Vale of Phalerum, in full sight of the southern peristyle, make one indeed envy the στυλίστας who in the Dark Ages made his hermitage on one of these pillars, and unwittingly selected a position that a very voluptuary in landscape might have coveted. Then the Acropolis just behind, with the Dionysiac Theatre, the Eleusinium, the Odeum of Pericles, and the Odeum of Herod encrusting its base. There is almost a justice in Hadrian's erecting his arch and making it a dividing line between the new city he built and these antique glories.

I walked on and on, and found companies of soldiers drilling to a bugle and fife in the plateia or square which surrounds the temple. The coffee-drinkers were there too, and the hookah-smokers, reveling in the incomparable view from this spot, or lounging away the evening till it was time to go to the play. I went on down by the gardens of the Graces, Muses, and Nymphs, — which two latter fill the beautiful isle in the Ilissus once occupied by the shrine of Demeter, — crossed the Ilissus by a handsome stone bridge faced with marble, and went over to look at the excavations of the Panathenaic Stadium. On this spot were revived a few years ago the celebrated Panathenaic games, in honor of the jubilee of Greek independence. The excavations at the

back were carried out by order of King George I. a few years ago, and laid bare the entire race-course. There was the usual *scabies* of ignoble huts at the entrance, while the marble which covered the tiers of seats had been converted into lime by neighboring kilns. How perfectly revealed is the site of this great Derby Day of Antiquity, the Stadium, — a huge parallelogram in the hills, excluded from all views of the surrounding country that might distract the contestants, except at the entrance, where the Parthenon stands forth on its hill like a glorious apparition and the Ilissus murmurs and meanders between the Stadium and the gardens and Aphrodisium of Venus on the other side. Few views in Athens must there have been from which the shimmer of sanctuaries through the cypress and oleander was excluded!

I could not help stopping and lingering over this glorious remnant of the religion and munificence of early Greece. Such munificence — if not such religion — is to this day gracefully characteristic of the Greeks, and to it modern Athens owes the National Museum and the new theatre, the observatory, the Vivarkeion, the Arsakeion, and the new Academy. The theatre lay before me, all devastated and shorn of its glory. The excavations are sufficiently advanced to enable the antiquarian to reconstruct its original propor-

tions: nearly seven hundred feet (663) of white marble, the δρόμος, the καμπτηε, the βαλβίς and the διάυλος; its slabs and drains, its mosaic pavement and entablatured wall, its fan-like radiations of semicircular seats decorated with an owl at the end of each, its corridors, subterranean vaulted passage, and stoa, its statuary, its slope toward the classic Ilissus, and its sitting room for fifty thousand Athenians. The semicircular end is quite revealed, and all around is a multifarious débris of broken columns and capitals. It was not difficult to repeople it with animated thousands, or to fill it with a white-tunicked, sandaled throng. The bright blaze of multitudinous marbles, the stoa of the judges, the stripped runners with eagerly outstretched necks, the cries of the mobile and applauding populace, all seem to gleam and twinkle and echo along the air, and roll like a tide of color and sound against the cliffs of the Ilissus. What scenes must have been these famous games — games whose marble commemoration alone excites so much admiration.

Now in the diagonal distance stretches the king's garden and the stuccoed palace. Stuccoed fences and gardens are springing up on the site of Aphrodite's temple; small suburbs and clusters of new houses, Greek chapels, and καφενεῖα (of course!) are beginning to appear in the hollow of the hills and to form the out-works

of a denser peopling and building up after a while.

Greek priests promenade up and down the classic race-course in the cool of the evening, and an occasional antiquary may be found climbing and peering about, trying to realize and reconstruct the strange scene which this spot must have presented in Lykurgus' or Herod's time. Ruins of the marble-covered seats may be seen all along the south side, and broken slabs and columns lie about as reminders of the Panathenaic pomp. Goatherds, such as they appear in the Greek novelettes of Achilles Tatius and Longus, drive their flocks about the declivities and dream in the midday sun under some tree or cool ledge of rock. The dry Ilissus has a cart track in the centre of its bed, and is as empty as a twice told tale. All along here new Athens is spreading. *Ζυθοπολεία* or beer-gardens are fighting for existence with the *ῥεεσινάτο κρασι* or resinated wine stands in this sacred vicinity. The near slopes of Lycabettus are gradually covering with new dwellings, shops, and inns; *παντοπωλεία* or "notion" shops dot the hill-sides and obtrude their wares on the gaze. A *ξαχαρησπλαστείον* or confectionery presents its curious store of Greek and Turkish sweetmeats to the passer-by, but faintly recalling the famous dinner in Petronius. Perambulating candy sellers march

up and down the locality and cry their dainties—candied nuts and boubons, borne about in trays and baskets and dealt out in little tin cups. In the intervals of the play these *marchands*, as no doubt in Aristophanes' time, carry round little baskets divided into four compartments, and descant upon the deliciousness of their contents. And these are mingled with little ragamuffins who go about crying, Τὰ βουκέττα, κίριοι! τὰ βουκέττα! (Bouquets, gentlemen, bouquets!) The flower girls at Athens are boys—and dirty ones, too, like the δοῦλοι or waiters. They give you a great bunch of flowers for an obolus, none of them rare flowers, all bound in a tight nosegay and wet with Heaven knows what. They are thrown in great quantities to the favorite actress or ballet-dancer (χορεύτρα) of the evening—to actors as well.

After a short inspection of the Stadium I went on down the Ilissus and back by the palace front to the Garden of the Nymphs, where the evening was spent in listening to one of Molière's delightful comedies in Greek. The acting was admirable. It was Molièresque in every sense—broad, comic, spirited, and noisy. The costumes were poor and plain, the scenery dirty, the orchestra a few stammering fiddles and flutes. But in spite of all these disadvantages, counteracted somewhat by the stars shining in brilliantly

through the trees under which we sat, I have seldom enjoyed a theatrical representation more. It was an adaptation, rather than a translation, of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (Ἀρχαῖτο χωριάτης), and its fun and frolic were rendered with inimitable humor. The audience resembled a highly charged Leyden jar. The least joke would touch them off into a rapturous sparkle. The songs were encored, and singers and songstresses pelted with bouquets. The final song which I append, beginning, Ἐρως, ἔρως, εἰς τέρψω μᾶς κράζει, was received with delight. The play broke up amid universal good-humor.

SONG.

Ὅλοι ἐν χορῷ.

Ἐρως, ἔρως, εἰς τέρψω μᾶς κράζει,
ἢ κανάτα πρὸς πόσιν κάλει.
Ὅστις πίνει ποτὲ δὲν στενάζει,
δὲν ἐρᾶται ὡς κόρη δειλή

Κερνᾶτε, παιδιά,
γεμάτα γυαλιά.
μὲ τσίτσα χρυσή,
βετσίνατο κρασί.

Ἐξω τίτλοι, σοφία καὶ φήμη
φεῦ! μωρὸς ὁ αὐτὰ ἐκζητῶν.
Εἴν' τὸ πίνειν, δεινὴ ἐπιστήμη,
εἴν' ὁ ἔρως, θεὸς τῶν βροτῶν.

One cannot but think the modern Greek admirably adapted to low comedy. The dialect is full of drolleries and droll turns. What is wanting to the language — and that is a great deal — is made up by an astounding flexibility of feature. M. Jourdain's face was a real study. It was a comedy in itself. There was not the winged humor of Jefferson, nor the least gleam of pathos (which the play did not call for), but just the most delicious jingle of fun all through. The adaptation was, of course, an unpardonable mutilation of the great master's work, as much so as a plaster nose would be on a faun of Praxiteles; but the surge and brightness of Molière's genius broke victoriously through it and sparkled more brilliantly than the stars above us. There is a lightness and lissomeness in the Greek constitution which peculiarly fits it for comedy. There is a buoyance of animal spirits, a breadth of susceptibility, an activeness of perception, that combine the best qualities of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle — the Keltic, Gallic, and English genius — in them. It is almost impossible to think of the Greeks as serious. They laugh at tragedy, and seem struck irresistibly with the comic side of it.

How different was this dash of Molière from the tragedy of Ἡ Λαῖδα Ἰωάννη Γπέυ which I witnessed the other evening at the Apollo Theatre.

Edward VI. was represented by a weak-kneed gawk in green pantalettes, with a suspiciously red nose standing out in *haut relief* from the rest of his powdered face ; Lady Jane was played by a stout, heavy-headed blonde, with no more animation than a hogshead ; the Princess Mary by a shrill brunette, who delivered volleys of high-keyed denunciation and had a pair of crank-like elbows which she worked incessantly. The Greek audience fell into fits of exquisite laughter as scene after scene of intolerable bombast unrolled before us. One really felt sorry for the poor actors : Lady Jane looked as if she had the mumps, Edward was continually wiping his eyes and feeling in the region of his stomach, and Mary swept about like a hornet, stinging and slashing everybody. After three acts I left, surfeited with Anglo-Greek tragedy. And yet what drama excels the ancient Greek in sweetness, seriousness, and majesty ? It was the intimate connection between their religion and the drama, coupled with the finest art the world has seen, that solemnized an ancient Greek audience and overwhelmed it with a feeling of reverence. The myriad smile of Aristophanes, the finished comedy of Menander, whose divine "fragments" are almost equal to the Sermon on the Mount, give the more human side of this great scene of intellectual wrestling. We have here the Greek spirit vol-

atilized into a rare perfume; rare as the aloeblossom is rare — with all its strangeness. We cannot sympathize fully with their comedy as we can with the legendary adventures of Thor and the Berserkers in the Eddas, because it is part and parcel of their peculiar antique life and our plane is a different one. We can no more transplant ourselves into it, even through the most beautiful translations of Browning or Frère, than we can transplant this pure Greek air to shine over our mock Greek temples of the North. There is the difference which Sainte-Beuve noticed between ancient and modern portrait painting, the one sunny and simple, the other wrinkled over with a thousand meanderings of painful thought. The morbid psychologizing of our day is and must be wholly unlike the bright health of ancient Greece. They had their sicknesses, their *τόθος* or pensive yearning, but the feverish sadness of our day was unknown except in the golden decline of Theocritus' day. The passionate laments of Moschus and Bion, the delicate and dreamy beauty of Meleager, the *vers de société* of the later epigrammatists, all reveal the first golden wing-tip of the butterfly born out of the ancient sunshine, scattered over with the opal spots of a newer life, tinged with a diviner tint of coming morn. How exquisitely do many of these epigram-writers sing their thanatopsis; but it is a

sharp, shrill cry, smothered as it were in the volumed melody of the present existence. There is no coarse luxuriating in weakness and disease. Compare the wit and wealth gleaned from the Greek graveyards with the funeral bombast of a modern cemetery. Compare the anthology with any modern "wunderhorn." The difference will come out strongly.

From Greek cooking to Greek comedy! But there is after all a natural connection.

IV.

THE antiquities of Athens are soon exhausted. A mere pleasure-seeker would, therefore, soon abandon the place to its flickering heat, the cicadaë, and the asses. But there is no place that is such a fountain of memories. True, the contrast between former glories and present humiliations is very great; but the scholar's eyes are fortunately introspective and retrospective; he thinks not so much of the squalid present as of the supreme past; thus there is relief from much that would be intolerable in modern Athens. Sir Henry Holland, who visited Athens forty years ago, says, "Those who expect to see in Athens only the mere splendid and obvious testimonies of its former state will be agreeably disappointed. The Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Propylæa are individually the most striking objects; yet it may perhaps be added that they have been less interesting singly than in their combined relation to that wonderful grouping of nature and art which gives its peculiarity to Athens, and renders the scenery of this spot something which is ever unique to the eye and recollection. Here, if anywhere, there is a certain genius of the place

which unites and gives a character and coloring to the whole ; and it is further worthy of remark that this *genius loci* is one which strikingly connects the modern Athens with the city of former days. Every part of the surrounding landscape may be recognized as harmonious and beautiful in itself, and at the same time as furnishing those features which are consecrated by ancient description, by the history of heroic actions, and still more as the scene of those celebrated schools of philosophy which have transmitted their influence to every succeeding age. The stranger who is unable to appreciate the architectural beauties of the temples of Athens yet can admire the splendid assemblage they form in their position, outline, and coloring, can trace out the pictures of the poets in the vale of Kephissus, the hill of Colonos, and the ridge of Hymettus, can look on one side on the sea of Salamis, on the other on the heights of Phylæ. Nowhere is antiquity so well substantiated as at Athens, or its outline more completely filled up to the eye and to the imagination."

— Yesterday evening, overwhelmed by the peculiar depression produced by the sirocco, I set forth on a walk along the Kephissia road, to visit the birthplace of Socrates and Aristides. As usual the rarest, tenderest evening sky, grand masses of haggard golden cloud behind Lyca-

bettus, the lovely bath of heathery rose-color suffusing the slopes of Hymettus and striking warm and rich in on the wooded cleft of the monastery of Kæsariani and its beautiful bright spring; the lemon fields through which the Eridanus and Ilissus course, tinged with an indescribable softness of light and shadow and looking for all the world like a rich piece of golden brown sealskin. My walk led past the monastery of Asomator, on the site of the ancient gymnasium of the Cynics. In the distance outlying spears of Pentelicon, painted voluptuously by the pencil of advancing twilight, mauve and azure, with the glimmer of the dying sun on its naked limestone sides and the populous village of Kephissia nestling at its feet, among the grapes and olives. One might almost imagine this approaching night one of the *Noctes Atticæ* which Aulus Gellius celebrates, and which he passed on this very spot. Villages with strange sounding names are perched about, — Marusi, Kalavryta, and Ampelikopi, — and the most venerable of the Attic olive-trees thrive in this plain.

A Turkish mosque peeps out of the foliage of a plane-tree in the distance. The aqueduct of the Pisistratidæ runs along the hill-side and is still in use for conveying water from the chief source of the Kephissus, which is in this vicinage. Donkeys, dogs, and goats with their blue-stock-

inged and red-vested attendants, rest along the road, grouped with that instinct of the unconscious picturesque which perpetually strikes a traveler in this memorial land. Carriages full of Greek παπᾶς, as they call the gowned and bearded priests, pass to and fro. A band of theological students, also in black gowns and low brimless caps, stands at the gate of the ἐκκλησιαστικὴ σχολή (theological seminary) and respectfully listens to the discourse of the accompanying master. One passes the πτωχοκομεῖον or poor house, with its neat garden, Byzantine chapel, and bareheaded guests sitting on benches in the open evening air. Several Ζυθοπωλεία or beer gardens, from which a decided whiff of aromatic wine comes, are passed, as well as many new houses with women peering through the blinds — their eternal attitude in the East — or sitting on the balconies.

The road rises and gives the loveliest glimpses of the coast of Argolis and the Peloponnese set in a jaspered floor of blue sea. Hymettus looks as if one could stretch out one's hand and touch it, or gather its pink wealth of wild thyme with which the air is loaded. The chapel of St. George on Lycabettus (now called Monte San Georgio, like so many other Italianized Greek mountains) is a spot of vivid whiteness on its remarkable height, and catches the blaze of the plenteous

sun full on its front. The hamlet of Sypseli that clings to its side lies in a mellow bed of radiance which likewise luminously accentuates the white-sailed feluccas on the Saronic Gulf, far away to the south. Everything has the painted and poetic peace that hovers over a Greek landscape at sunset, an indescribable tranquillity and beauty springing from this world of harmonious tints and sounds. The heat is lifted from one's shoulders like a load, and there is left the upblowing and upbreathing coolness of descending night, a night that mellifluously veils the thousand-fold pungencies of a Greek sun and sinks down upon one with a sense of most eloquent relief. The aching eyes may be lifted painlessly to these cooling heights ; — the far glory of the sea is no longer a Medusa mask to turn one to stone ; the honeyed hillocks of Monte Matto are no longer focuses of a gleaming burning-glass ; the Parthenon pillars leave a sheen on the satin air, like the ripple of fingers in phosphorescent water ; the deep groves of Academe become the loveliest musing places for tired brain and eyes and feet ; one may follow the horizon line with its successive tessellations of inlaid color, its twilight green, its hues of silvery asphodel, its occasional great fans of shooting rays over Laurium ; the dust of the street is laid in the universal truce, and the strengthened eyes may trace

out the tortuosities of the classic rivers as they flow on and on down the plain. The indispensable umbrella is thrown away or left at home. The thirst for ices and ice-water and cooling drinks is allayed, and one may move about without critical searchings after shady streets or shadow-throwing walls. Nothing could be more beautiful than these dewless Greek nights. How fast the shadows gathered as I continued my walk toward 'Αλωπεκή (Ampelikopi), the haunt of Socrates' youth, and gathered the delightful wild thyme, still in full blossom, by the way. I could realize the beautiful effect of those oriental pictures of evening that I have so often admired — the magnificent triangle of the Pyramids just touched in the trembling dusk by a ray or two, a fountain of Damascus with its romantic groups, a lagoon of Venice on which a lateen sail all gold and crimson lies bewitched. Delightful memories passed through my mind, and I found myself in unconscious harmony with the tranquilized sweetness of the scene.

To walk in such an air and at such a time and in such a scene was in itself an inspiration. Returning I came back by the Garden of the Graces, but did not feel myself equal to the four-act tragedy of Lucrezia Borgia, in Greek, beginning at half-past eight. So I idled on and sat down among the ever-glorious pillars of the Olympi-

eum, which I return to again and again by a sort of fascination, not from their artistic merit, which is not very great, but from the grandeur of their isolated solitude and the indefinable harmony which exists between the curvilinear principle of their construction and the noble swell of the ground on which they stand. I am unable to define this subtle effect. It is like that "charm of married brows" which was so delightful to Theocritus and the epigrammatists. The empyrean soon filled with its sparkling populace, and the mighty pillars lifted themselves heavenward as if themselves feeling some starry instinct. The block on which I sat had an inscription of great age.

Besides the leprous-looking coffee-houses that have sprung up at the feet of Olympian Jove and desecrate the place, the peregrinating Greeks make these splendid columns a sort of undressing-room. It is the same with the tomb of Themistocles, the prison of Socrates on the Museum Hill, the excavations in the Kerameikos, and every accessible monument a little withdrawn from the public gaze. Travelers in Italy will remember the same practice of the Italians.¹ The habit is an heirloom of immemorial antiquity, and goes hand in hand, I suppose, with the filth of Martial and the foulness of Athenæus. The Cam-

¹ See Goethe's *Italienische Reise*.

panile of Venice, and even the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, are made hideous by these things.

There was a new moon, and its delicate curve hung just over the monument of Philopappus on the Hill of the Muses. Hadrian's Arch was dimly visible, and the obscure quarter of the ancient city was full of lights. The plaintive quiet of the scene was broken only occasionally by the monotonous cries of the garçons, whose custom here, it seems, is to call out what you have ordered, as soon as you have ordered it, at the top of their voices and in a peculiar nasal and disagreeable tone. But the great open space of the temple was too wide to render a little contemplation, even under such circumstances, unpleasant, and so I remained till a tolerably late hour.

The heat is truly terrific. Perhaps one makes a mistake in venturing to Greece in the summer, for no one can be prepared for such a reception. There is nearly always a breeze, too, and the evenings are often delightful. But day after day of such experience is enough to melt one's brain. One feels positively sore at times. Add to this the continual puncturing of mosquitoes, and the impossibility of going out except early in the morning and after a five o'clock dinner. It is no wonder one sees so many people with blue-black glasses, linen clothes, and white-cotton parasols. One might go about in a carriage, at a drachma

a ride, if there were anywhere to go, or take a horse, at eight drachmæ a day, over the mountains to Eleusis, Marathon, or Delphi. But even this would entail a fatigue and exposure dangerous at this season, and perhaps attended by the Greek fever. The marble monument at Colonos, erected to the memory of the accomplished Grecian, K. O. Müller, is warning enough for the too ardent tourist. There have been shady, cloudy days when I have walked miles with impunity, and explored the recesses of the πῆδ. ν' Ἀττικόν to my heart's content. But this cannot be done every day. With the indigestible food, the vermin at night, and the sun by day, one's health is in serious jeopardy by a prolonged summer residence at Athens. The king has a villa at Corfu, whither he betakes himself in the dog-days. It is a delicious vision of verdure and freshness, called by its royal owner 'Η Ἀνάπαυσις Μου. (My Rest); and it is no wonder that King George and Queen Olga, accustomed to the exquisite fertility of the green Danish fields, should flee from the sun-scathed hills of Attica during the summer months, and hide themselves here for a brief space. Most of the deputies, since the adjournment of the βουλή, day before yesterday, have gone to their Peloponnesian, island, or main-land homes.

The streets and cafés are full of war rumors.

There are schemes of finance, schemes of mobilization, schemes of defense, schemes of offense, discussed and argued out at length over the thimbleful of Turkish coffee. Mr. Skinner, the correspondent of the "Daily News," tells me that the Greeks are undoubtedly going to make a *coup*,—where, when, and how, he knows not, but he thinks the time has come and they are in the midst of silent but busy preparations. He was decorated by the king the other day, and is a very entertaining fellow. These warlike preparations are an additional reason for not prolonging one's residence in Greece. Quarantine, Turkish blockades, and possible bombardment of seaport towns, are other elements of acceleration to pilgrim footsteps.

The Greeks blaze out in street oratory sometimes still. Yesterday evening a brown-fingered, moustachio'd Athenian harangued the crowd in front of the palace square, with copious gesticulation. The only reminiscence of Demosthenes was the "action, action, action," in which he indulged. The crowd applauded the good hits and listened respectfully to the rest. One could not help thinking of the orators of old, and wondering if their Greek was as indistinct as this man's. The Olympian Perikles in the open air on the step of the Bema crept into one's mind, with the eager crowd filling the Pnyx below, and the busy

scene of the great Athenian Agora just before him, surrounded on all sides by awful and venerable heights and associations, with the scene of Æschylus' "Eumenides" at the foot of the hill, and the height from which Ægeus precipitated himself on his right. In what a robe of august memories was an ancient Athenian ῥήτωρ enveloped!

Some important excavations have been made in Athens since 1871, in the quarter anciently called Kerameikos, near the church of Agia Triada, at the railway station. The neighborhood was in antiquity a very celebrated one. Here lay the Dipylon, one of the fourteen gates of Athens, leading on the one hand to the Agora, Areopagus, and Propylæa, and on the other to the sacred road to Eleusis through the olive groves of the plain. Pausanias tells us of many notabilities buried beside this sacred road: Zeno, Perikles, Thrasyboulos, Armodios and Aristogeiton, and others. Relics of the ancient wall have been laid bare, and deep channels of excavation run in various directions, resulting in many interesting discoveries: steles and slabs surmounted by fan-like ornaments, broken columns of dark Eleusinian marble, Pentelic sarcophagi, square, oblong, or simple, with beautifully polished surfaces, lions in gray Hymettian stone, huge earthenware amphoræ with the bottoms drawn out

to a point and recalling the origin of the term "tumbler," inscribed tablets, a square family burying-ground ornamented with sculptured animals at the corners, remains of regular and polygonal walls, and half a dozen large and exquisite bas-reliefs. The whole discovery was brought about by the unearthing of the monument of Lysanias. A great deal of speculation and ingenuity has been lavished on the graceful monument of Dexileus discovered near this, representing a knight slaying his opponent. Monuments of AristonAUTUS, Antipater, and others have been found here and removed to the cella of the Theseum. Many of those still remaining on the ground have been put in little wooden cages with wire fronts, which renders it difficult to decipher the inscriptions. They are, however, very necessary from the exposed position of the monuments. There is no other protection whatever to these valuable finds — save a sleepy fellow in a wooden hut near by, who pretends to be the *custode* of the graveyard. There are other fine reliefs quite open to any mutilator that may come along. A boy with a nail or a pen-knife may chip off what he likes. There are several parting scenes of great interest, slabs with numerous names incised on them, a stooping slave, the well-known group of "The Two Sisters," a bull with his legs broken off, lying on his side, besides numerous

valuable fragments. This whole district is a buried museum. Further excavations will no doubt turn inestimable objects to the light, and reveal to us more perfectly the extent and proportions of this graveyard. At present there is a hopeless irregularity in the outline of the explorations, and they seem to run in every direction. A large building striped yellow and red stands right in the centre of the theatre of exploration — the Agia Triada itself.¹

Lately I took a guide and made a pilgrimage to various museums and places of interest. The guide (Miltiades Vidis) entertained me with anecdotes of the amiable and accomplished Felton, whom he said he accompanied in a three months' excursion through the Morea and Roumelia in 1853. He spoke of Felton's wonderful familiarity with the Greek, and said (no doubt from hearsay) he spoke the ancient Greek to perfection. He mentioned Felton's anxiety to purchase the highly ornamented sarcophagus called the tomb of Theseus, and his vain efforts to carry out his purpose. Our point was the new archæological museum on the Patissia road — a rather large

¹ See an interesting article by Percy Gardner on *The Greek Mind in the Presence of Death*, in which he has largely utilized the inscriptions found in these excavations. It is an interesting chapter in the *culturgeschichte* of antiquity.

and ugly building of broken limestone, with beautiful steps and portico of Pentelic marble. The yard was strewn with spoils of various excavations — sculptured sarcophagi (among them one fine one representing the myth of Bacchus), steles, capitals, inscribed fragments — a wilderness of blue, white, and gray bits, all more or less mutilated. Most of the valuable collection of antiquities that used to grace the cella of the Theseum, all of the valuable ones except the celebrated bas-relief of “Aristion,” have been removed to this new establishment, where abundant space, beautiful light, and a series of handsome marble-lined rooms enable them to be seen to advantage. I was particularly struck with a fine Apollo. Here are placed many of the sculptured tombstones found in the Kerameikos — scenes of parting, cinerary urns, torsos of men and animals, almost indistinguishable from age and ruin. The fine figure found in the vicinity, with Egyptian head-dress, is here on a pedestal, as also several archaic Apollos, the double-headed statue found in the Stadium, and a great many portrait busts, which have been mounted in plaster and present a varied appearance of grotesque and hideous ruin. Miltiades insisted on many of them being “professors of the university,” perhaps the remnants of Grote’s professors, the noseless *professores ordinarii et ex-*

traordinarii of the Lyceum, Academy, and Cynosarges. The professors of the modern university all have their noses, I believe. There is an ancient relief in red marble, supposed by some to represent Diogenes and Alexander; another, found in the neighborhood of the museum, supposed to represent Socrates. But the condition of the museums of Athens, uncatalogued as they are, is shameful. It takes an acute archæologist to derive any pleasure from an inspection of their contents. In not one that I have visited have I found a single description or catalogue. A visitor is thrown absolutely on his own resources, and is often left to his own imagination, for the ignorant soldiers or women who guard these treasures know little or nothing about them. He is thus left to wander among a throng of perplexing marbles, often involving the deepest questions of archæology, with absolutely no help, except perhaps in obscure German or Greek archæological societies' reports. And in such weather nobody is able to carry on the excavations necessary to disinter these reports — an achievement perhaps which, adding the tortuosities and speculations of the modern German and Greek archæological schools, would be equal to Dr. Schliemann's. Consequently one is led around in these hospitals for crippled marbles like a child in leading-strings, and issues from the Pentelic porch more

bewildered than when one went in. There are no labels, numbers, or descriptions whatever. Recent discoveries are therefore completely passed over, and for the old ones the visitor is remanded to an antiquated guide-book. It seems to me that in the boasted revival of Greek scholarship, of which one hears so much among the Greeks themselves, interest enough should be shown the visiting public to issue catalogues of the antiquities scattered about the different museums in Athens, got up in some accessible and intelligible form. These rooms and the yard in front are full of marbles that deserve such notice, and yet the Greeks, as Dr. Mahaffy says, are indignant at the retention of the Parthenon and Ægina marbles in London and Munich. Sir Charles Trevelyan writes sensitively on the same subject, and there is a tone of sullenness among the Greeks at the continued non-restoration. But, as Mahaffy says, until the Greeks learn to take care of their precious monuments themselves, and show them a proper regard, it is far better for foreign countries to retain possession of the inestimable relics that they have carried off.

From the museum, which is building in very beautiful and spacious proportions, but is not yet finished, we went over to the polytechnic institution adjoining, but were only shown through the drawing and painting hall. There was nothing

in this of special interest, merely a panorama of arid watery landscapes, figure-pieces, and studies imitated from the Italian.¹ The university buildings were our next point — the pride and glory of regenerated Hellas. The buildings cover two or three squares. The university building proper has a fine entrance supported by two Ionic pillars of white marble. In front and to one side a charming garden has been laid out, and was bright with oleander blossoms when we visited it. The leaves, as everything else in Athens at present, are overlaid with a crust of hoary dust. We were shown the library, which, the librarian told me, is in a nascent state, is still but partly arranged, and does not contain much of very great value. There are, however, over one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, mostly contributed by foreign nations, and due to the solicitations and patriotism of a former librarian. There is a pleasant reading-room — where I was delighted to see a large number of foreign and domestic periodicals, for the more light from without the

¹ Recent travelers report the almost non-existence of artistic talent among the modern Greeks. There is no encouragement for it at home, and the one or two Greeks of genius who cultivate art are settled in Munich or other European art centres, where their gifts are appreciated and remunerated. Even these form no distinct school of themselves, but have been educated under the predominating influence of Piloty, Kaulbach, and the German school.

less darkness from within. The university is poor, and the library, I believe, has no special fund for buying new books. It cannot, therefore, compare with the universities of Northern Europe in completeness of appointments. The librarian showed me some valuable manuscripts, an illuminated manuscript of St. John of the fifteenth century, Chinese and Egyptian works, etc., and told me he was himself engaged in an investigation into the relations between the ancient and the modern Greek dialects. He was very courteous, and seemed charmed to speak his native language (German) again. The library is open every day from 9 till 4, and is free to everybody — a delightful, cool spot, with a draught through it, shelves of ancient vellum, — bound books, busts of Greek patriots and scholars, and an atmosphere of serene scholastic calm. The marble face of Lord Byron (ὁ λόρδος Βύρων) glimmered in this shadowy sanctuary of letters, while busts of Korais and other literary or national celebrities stood in alcoves and watched over these germs of a new and nobler Hellas. It is through letters that the Greeks will, if at all, reconquer their lost supremacy. I was shown through the natural history museum, where troops of wandering peasants and poor people, hat in hand, were roaming and gazing with naïve rapture at the stuffed birds and animals, and the anatomical

lecture-room, but the great *aula* was closed, and the *suisse* absent.

The University of Athens is doing admirable work. There are some distinguished professors lecturing, the students are numerous and earnest, and there is everywhere a generally diffused intelligence. The only thing to be regretted is the astonishing number of lawyers and doctors which it is turning out. Young men come from all parts of Greece and Turkey, even walk to Athens; then they enter service as menials in private and public houses and carry on their studies at the university simultaneously. Medicine and the law are peculiarly attractive to them; they plunge into the study of these professions enthusiastically, and one result is a series of perpetual and perpetuated demagogues hungry for office, full of loquacious invective and insolence, bent on turning out whatever ministry is in, and getting themselves and their friends fed out of the public crib. In a comparatively healthy country, the physicians starve; and the church, full of ignorance, fanaticism, and poverty as it is, offers no career. There is the never-ceasing effort with the Greek to climb higher, to better his social condition, "to be as good as you are, and a littel better too:" *hinc jus et medicina*. The Greek mind simply needs to be turned away from the absorbing pursuits of commerce and politics into

a literary channel to yield the abundant fruits of culture. The Greeks cannot go back to the sandals and chiton of antiquity, which would be as successful as the pseudo-classicism of the first empire ; they cannot rehabilitate and edit their newspapers in the Greek of Thucydides ; but their natural quickness and shrewdness may be developed in honorable directions, their taste for classical culture may be enriched and deepened, and that remarkable imitative and assimilative instinct which they possess turned to sound and noble purposes.

Dr. Mahaffy's assertion that a Greek peasant at first sight can understand the language of the Periklean Greeks as well as an English peasant can the language of Chaucer is surely exaggerated. Miltiades Vidis, who is a dragoman of unusual intelligence, possessing a considerable knowledge of several languages and tolerably well informed in the history of his country, tells me he cannot understand the ancient Greek at all. I inquired of him on this point particularly, and as he is one of a class of active-minded, to some extent educated, persons, who make it their business to be as thorough as possible in their special profession as guides, I am inclined to accept his word on this subject with more satisfaction than the Phil-Hellene doctor's. The lower classes, indeed, are said to find the newspapers

in which the new-old Greek is printed full of hard words, often utterly beyond their comprehension. It is like putting a child to construing "Paradise Lost." There are the sounds, the particles, the cries and catchwords ; but there is also a most formidable array of learned and archaic terms, which to the ordinary Greek who may be able to read or write are little less than jargon. The influence of the university, the gymnasia, and the primary schools is fast tending to cultivate this class up to a comprehension of current literary Greek. But if any one takes up a newspaper casually — the Στόά (the Porch), the Ὥρα (the Hour), or the Ἐφημερίς (the Daily News), for example — and compares its careful use of prepositions, antique flections, and particles with the chaotic, flectionless, abbreviated jargon of the streets and coffee-houses, this wide distinction even between written and spoken *modern* Greek, not to speak of *ancient*, will come out strikingly. The girls of the Arsakeion are in their senior class put to reading Thucydides and the poets ; but in the same way as our students in their school work on Langland, Chaucer, and Wiclif. Morris, Skeat, Ellis, Sweet, as well as a thorough knowledge of Anglo-Saxon grammar, are essential to our full enjoyment of the masterpieces of Early English.

So, the ancient Greek, as a practically obsolete

and archaic dialect, must be critically studied and acquired before its authors can be fully understood. Then, of course, as the last result of an accomplished education, comes thorough and spontaneous enjoyment. The phraseology of the newspapers becomes transparent enough to one thus cultivated. A foreigner of classical education can read these as he can read the signs, without much difficulty, for art and science have familiarized him with many special vocabularies, his classical reading recalls innumerable expressions, and the slight gauze of strangeness which the translation of the terms of European diplomacy, politics, trade, and discussion throws over the subject is soon dispelled. In many points modern Greek is a far less highly inflected language than modern German, for example. The difference between its two phases is much greater than that between Goethe and the *Lied* of the *Nibelungen*. And it is hardly agreed that a German peasant can readily master the *Lied* of the *Nibelungen*. One has but to run one's eye through an ordinary "*Manuel de la Conversation Grec Moderne*" to see how the most usual and necessary words have a look and a substance entirely foreign to the classic. Many classic words no doubt survive, particularly in the less visited districts,—in Arcadia, among the Tsakoni, for example; even Homeric and Hesiodic words

may be found here and there, like the customs or the implements of ancient times ; but it is hazardous to insist too much on the similarity between antiquity and the present. Take the simplest examples, the verbs *to be* and *to have*, and see what changes they have undergone. Then the important curiously abbreviated negative with the indicative (δέν for οὐδέν), the formation of compound tenses analytically and by strange combinations, the peculiar way of expressing *let* with the imperative, the use of θα with the subjunctive and indicative to represent future and conditional relations, the new declensions and accentuation, the substitution of subjunctive for infinitive in numerous complexes, with their variations no less marked. There is a strong resemblance between modern and the New Testament Greek, particularly the Gospel of St. John and the Revelation ; and even the Septuagint comes in for its share of relationship and analogies with modern Greek. This fact is the less striking, since the language of the Septuagint version seems to have been markedly colloquial.¹ Perhaps when *all* the Greeks become as highly educated as the annual thousand or so that attend the university, there may then be hopeful talk about a "restoration." As it is, nobody can expect peddlers, barbers, washerwomen, and waiters

¹ See Geldart, *Relation of Modern to Ancient Greek*.

to discourse in the declensions and conjugations of Xenophon. Modern Greek conversation is full of the strangest solecisms. *Ελα, ελα, is their café-cry for *Viens, viens!* The talk is almost as quaint as that of the creoles of New Orleans.

From the university, by the side of which is building the still unfinished National Academy, at the expense of the munificent Greek Baron Sinas, of Vienna, the noble structure in white Pentelic marble which I formerly noticed, we were driven to the Βουλή (*Voulee* they pronounce it) or Parliament House, a plain, inexpensive building costing about a million drachmæ, and striped red and yellow. One cannot exactly admire this fashion of stripes and glowing color combinations, such as prevails often enough in the Eastern churches and public buildings. The citron-colored Cathedral of Athens, with its chess-board bands of red, is too bizarre to make an agreeable impression. Ancient Athens, with its multitude and multiplicity of buildings, porticoes, temples, exchanges, arches, colonnades in white marble, must at different times have presented an appearance exquisitely and painfully beautiful. The transcendent whiteness of the light must have struck these polished surfaces, and in the noonday sun evoked an insufferable splendor. The Greeks would then, as they did, naturally take refuge in color, in gilt, in star-spangled soffits,

blue triglyphs, gilded tympana to the temples, the profusé pillars dyed ochre, the labyrinthine draperies tinted and toned into something harmonious to the eye—a refuge from the fierce recoil and hostility of the sun. Accordingly we find remnants of color everywhere hanging about the architectural masterpieces left to us, and time has mercifully thrown over the noble suites of pillars the lovely golden tone which the Greeks produced at first artificially in the columns of the Parthenon. In their modern building various traditions are followed. Many private residences are fronted with white marble, others are in blue and gray marble or with white and blue blended; some few are in the polychromatic style. The Boulé is perhaps after all more pleasing as it is, its ruddy tints blending harmoniously with the velvet air, though an Anglo-Saxon might prefer the cooler shades. The main room, where the Boulé assembles, is an amphitheatre with semicircles of seats for the deputies, a platform and ample desk-room for the president, and a bema or tribune for the speaker. Each seat is furnished with a plain sliding desk and writing materials, and there is a line of tables facing the first row, for the ministers. The ceiling is richly and rather gaudily gilded and painted, and is supported by two enormous pillars of grayish marble, which stand on each side

of the president's place, and rather singularly interrupt the distribution of the space, for they are not in the middle, nor to one side, but simply spring up like two gigantic exclamation points, a constant astonishment to the spectator. All the appointments — library, committee rooms, and reporters' gallery — are quite unpretentious and plain. The Boulé is situated in new Athens, in the quarter of the clubs, consulates, and ambassadors. One marvels at the number of new houses building in this quarter, in fact everywhere in the city.

These naked-legged, bag-trousered Nesiote masons seem to do excellent work, too. Their work is slowly but, I am told, capitally done, with long siestas and resting spells on the part of the workmen, no doubt with a due regard to personal comfort and the settling of the foundations! When one reflects that the Parthenon was built in ten and the Propylæa in five years, one is rather amazed at the slowness of Baron Sinas' academy in drawing toward its completion. But then there were 400,000 slaves in Attica according to Demetrius Phalereus' census. Magical work can be done under such circumstances.

It is a pleasure to see that the new streets are being laid out on the boulevard system and planted with trees. One comes on public wells, with marble headpieces and a carved dolphin and

trident, everywhere in this quarter as in other quarters of Athens. The best water, however, — and very sparkling, cool, and delicious it is, for a wonder, — comes from Hymettus and is sold in great barrels in the streets, at a sou a glass. Such water seems to be unknown to the hotels and cafés, especially to the latter, where the water is detestable. These perambulating watermen with their great barrel on wheels, protected against the sun by thick matting and dried branches, and gayly decked with clusters of daphne blossoms, are a true blessing to thirsty Athens in summer. There is not a cupful in the Kephissus or the Ilissus; one sees their dusty beds with the pebbles and mud swept into tortuous lines by the fierceness of the winter's inundation, and the downward bending and growing shrubs hanging over, parched with imperishable drouth. The sparkling wealth of jeweled water that is everywhere gathered into picturesque fountains and made to spout out of rocks and Tritons at Rome is sadly missed in this climate. A meagre barrel or two may be seen rolled along the streets and ostensibly laying the dust, but really making it rise and curl like smoke under the tired wheels. This sprinkling is done on the principal thoroughfares once or twice a day, but with a necessary and chagrining stinginess. At the hotels, except for the

meagre pittance of ice doled out at table d'hôte, the water is blood-warm and rarely clean, fastidious as the Greeks are said to be about their water and passionate water-drinkers as they are. Even in Hesiod's and Athenæus' time there was a Greek 'alf-and-'alf, five parts of water to two of wine, or three of water to one of wine ; showing an early and ancient love of water. There is abundance of it, such as it is, but it rarely has a fresh feeling or taste, and the Greeks seem unaware of the great summer luxury of washing in water that has just the daintiest suspicion of a sparkle in it. One sees innumerable *κουρεία* or barber-shops along Eolus and Hermes streets, so that one would think a Greek's chief business was to cultivate the never-failing mustache, and get shaved and shampooed ; but I have noticed only one *κουρείον* that seemed well appointed for this as for other purposes. We know from many classic passages what favorite lounging-places the perfumers' and barbers' shops were in olden times. — One feels uneasy, too, where one sees people always scratching. Unsavory suspicions obtrude themselves on the imagination, aided by uneasy nights and uncomfortable days. The Mohammedan's devotion to water makes us pardon a thousand shortcomings in him. But there is something ludicrously horrible in people being dirty with the sea singing in their ears all the

time. This of course cannot be said of the better class of Greeks, for they appear to be externally neat enough. One's attention is called to the subject by the general filth of the common people, the really abominable dirtiness of the garçons at the cafés, as a class, and the throngs of unregenerate wenches and brats one sees surrounding the wells of an evening. I have had but one or two clean glasses of water outside of the hotel since I have been in Athens. There is a general and hereditary smell of oil and garlic among the common people; which a frank use of soap and water would banish if it were not a smell by no means disagreeable to the Greek. One is irresistibly reminded of Trygæus' prayer, that the market-place may be full of good things — "*large garlic, early cucumbers, apples, pomegranates.*" One must say, however, in general, for the Greeks that they are cleaner than the Italians. A peep into an Italian *trattoria* is more than sufficient for an Anglo-Saxon. Light a candle suddenly after dark in an Italian *cocina*, and one will witness the scampering of innumerable insects.

Mediæval Athens is to the last degree uninviting. A few dilapidated churches are all that remains. There is what is called the Old Cathedral, built of massive blocks of white marble, some of which are said to have been taken from pagan

temples. The style is Byzantine, and the church contains, besides some curious carvings, the embalmed remains of the Patriarch Gregorius, murdered by the Turks in the war of independence. The churches of St. Theodore, St. Nicodemus, and Kapnicaréa are all more or less insignificant. The Greeks have an uncanny habit of exhibiting the remains of certain saints on great spiritual and anniversary occasions. In Athens it is the remains of the martyred Gregory; in Corfu the desiccated skeleton of St. Spiridon (after whom about half the boys in the island are named). What is singular in the latter case is that the skeleton of the saint has for ages been the means of enriching the great Corfiote family to which it belongs, and by whom it is handed down from generation to generation as a money-making heirloom. Ten dollars will procure a sight of its blackened, emaciated, and jewel-laden toe. St. Spiridon is supposed to be a famous night traveler, goes on distant voyages, and returns with abundant sea-weed clinging to his skirts, which then performs miraculous cures on its fortunate possessors. One member of this lucky family must always be a priest in the church; the thing is carried round in gorgeous procession once or twice a year, and offerings are poured into its shrine, which is the coffer-box of the family.

— Yesterday afternoon Miltiades called for me

again and we set out on a visit to the Varvakion (a museum-gymnasium due to private munificence) and the Botanic Garden. Very interesting is the small collection of the Varvakion, which consists principally of terra-cottas, antique jewelry, vases, gold leaf arranged in crowns for victory at the games, glass, iridescent, pearl-colored, blue and green bottles, antique metal looking-glasses, pottery, marble statuettes, and a large number of miniature torsos in marble. I was particularly struck with some elegant gold armlets, bracelets, and ear-rings found together, I believe, in a tomb not far from Athens. The armlets were set with stones and the bracelets contained a series of very elegantly wrought letters. Small boxes of rare gold, silver, and bronze coins were kept in glass cases. The drawing on some of the vases was spirited and masterly, and many of them, though seamed with a multitude of cracks and fractures, had been very skillfully mended. The best thing in the collection (which is private), after the gold ornaments, a large vase representing a funeral scene, and a few very precious terra-cottas, was a head in relief found in the Stadium. This head has the most wonderful mirthful expression. The marble laughs and mantles with gayety, and the head seems bent forward eagerly, looking after some mirth-exciting object. The head-dress is very peculiar.

I have never seen a side face that so shone with living smiles. The disk on which the head and face are carved is much mutilated, but the features are fortunately intact. The marble, from its translucency, seems to be Parian. It is kept under glass and is highly polished.

After our visit to the Varvakion, during which we were attended by a little red-eyed, bushy-headed gnome of a *custode*, who kept sniffing after us as if in deep grief, we turned our horses toward the Botanic Garden, on the sacred road to Eleusis. The garden looks like a country gentleman's orchard and flower-garden together. We saw nothing particularly rare. Some fine pines, of the variety from which the resin is extracted with which they resinate their wines, a few splendid silver poplars, a tank of gold-fish, and long sunny walks through straight beds filled with scented and flowering shrubs are the chief attractions. Gigantic Indian figs, crowded with flowers and fruit, lifted their embattled fronds in the afternoon glare, and seemed to resent our unwelcome intrusion. A few drowsy Greeks lay on the benches, or gossiped under the cypresses. The gold-fish — which strangely resemble the red mullet they give us for dinner, broiled in oil — hovered near the surface of the heated water, and appeared, like ourselves, panting for coolness. Miltiades had the usual story of reckless English-

men (who no doubt transformed themselves into reckless Americans when required) bathing in the gold-fish tank one sunny day, while the laborers were at their siesta. Trumpet flowers, sweet basil (that favorite of Keats and Krishna), grapevines, and sky-blue bell-flowers clustered on the walls, and gave delightful resting-places to the glare-wearied eyes. The apricot-trees had been stripped. The inexorable Miltiades was entreated not to lead me up and down all the shadeless lanes, and finally yielded. The subtle fragrance of the pines smelt like the opening lines of Theocritus' first idyl, and recalled those graceful stone-pines that lift up their bosky crowns in the tremor and fire of the gold Italian hills. I pulled a sprig of sweet basil (*O Boccaccio!*), that royal weed, as a souvenir of our visit, and put it, with other sentimentalities, in a book. One can go nowhere in Athens without coming on pots of sweet basil, — in the windows, in the café-corners, on the counters, and in the gardens. It is anti-malarial, and, like the gigantic sunflowers, that lift their solar blossoms all through the pellucid air of Greece, is purposely cultivated to purify the atmosphere. The light and the perfume of the place were suggestive of the perennial rhododaphnes that warm the Greek hills in spring with their wild, winsome spray, and make a close room morbidly sweet. The most luscious

fragrances spring up out of this light Attic soil, and gather into starry blossoms along the way. In the warm wet May evenings everything is brilliant with glow-worms. Now it is beyond their time, and the grapes are beginning to get green-gold and purple-pink, with a dark spot on one side and a fruity smell of ripeness that magnetizes bees and men. Nectarines are coming in, too, and the quinces gleam primrose-colored in their setting of green-white leaves.

We summoned our ever-siesta-ing cocher, and then set out on the road home through the olives of the Academy, across the Kephissus, and by the "white-browed hill of Colonos." Miltiades pointed out an enormous olive-tree, which he said was twelve hundred years old. The olive is of exceedingly slow, almost imperceptible growth; hence one was able to put more faith than one usually should, in such cases, in the age of this grand gnarled trunk, with just the slightest shoot of branches springing from it. The olives are gathered here in winter; in Corfu they are allowed to drop, and are then gathered; in Zante they are plucked from the trees. When we recollect what an important part the olive-tree plays in the matrimonial contract, — how anxiously the bride's parents inquire after their number, quality, productiveness, etc., it is not difficult to understand the care taken of them, and the tender

and reverential regard with which they are looked upon. We drove along the winding road for some time, and had the purplest and prettiest glimpses of Athens through the frost-pale foliage. Hymettus was gathering its evening rose-color like a gauze over its naked shoulders, and the white sides of Pentelicus, where the quarries lay, shone drowsily in the fast-setting sun. This bright Greek air, with its spots of feverish filmy color, transfigures indescribably when the sun is about to take leave of it. We passed along beside rich orchards full of pomegranates and figs, between hot mud walls, and in blinding flour-like dust, over the Kephissus, and beside quaint suburban chapels, into the town again, to our oil and tomato-sauce table d'hôte. The evening was concluded watching the twilight sea from the grand *laure* of the Olympieum, and laughing at the jokes of a funny little comedy in Greek at the Κήπος τῶν Ἀντρόνων Νυμφῶν (Garden of the Nymphs).

V.

Homo est quod est : man is what he eats. We have seen superficially what the Greeks eat. This is, however, by no means what they are. They are this plus an infinity of individuality. In a tour of a few weeks or months the most expert traveler can see only the physical aspects, the molecular mass (everlastingly in motion, too!) of this ingenious people. If "man possesses many internal qualities, such as the imagination and the milt, much more the Greek. Emerson called the English "this inconsolable nation," and says an Englishman's hilarity is like an attack of fever. What would he have thought of these feverish Greeks, this nation of fustanellas and mustaches, politicians and polichinelles, patriots and talkers? "Εφαγε λωτόν! (he has eaten the lotos!) cry they of a man who has lost his senses. And then they attitudinize in the most picturesque manner and say Δεῖλε! (poor fellow!) Lotos-eating is the favorite occupation of this imaginative people, with its streak of Eastern richness and its gravity of the West. Attack a Greek on any speculative subject and he is as fluent as a pump.

Answers he has at his tongue's end, though his arguments are like the Valencian sock — open at both ends. Mere fluency one sees in rivers and Greeks. Religion? They will run over the Ragman's Roll of saints and theologians from the Golden Mouth to Hagios Gregorios. Poetry? An endless torrent of mediæval Greek scribblers. Philology? The never-ending performances of Korais. Heroism? Canaris! Miaulis! Karaïskakes! Karaïskos!

There is something pathetic in this passionate worship of the heroes of the independence. Italy is the land of humanity, said Winckelmann. Greece is the fairy-land of patriots. How much better be an Albanian Klepht than, according to one, the Englishman who visits Mount Ætna and carries his tea-kettle to the top! The beauty of it all is that Greece has so gracefully forgotten the rags and roguery of these early athletes, and now embalms them in lovely ballads of Soutzos. It sees them with a glamour in its eyes — it forgives and forgets. The long incubation of the Turks has hatched out a nest of scorpions. Never was such hatred as that written in Greek letters and gleaming in Greek eyes. Give way to the Greek for your vocabulary of hate. National aspects are mirrored in words, each a tiny bit of glass throwing back a thousand-fold image. Singularly rich is the Anglo-Saxon of Caedmon

and Beowulf in words for "man," "hero," "lord of life and light," "ship," "journeying;" rich in words for "mist," "wraith," phenomenal weather aspects, are the Swedish and Norwegian; and how Homer exults in his glorious words for battle-din, thunder of battle, battle-cries, carnage, and brightness of battle! But the idiom of the Greek eye when a Turk is mentioned is the unmistakable idiom of hate. "*Ils s'amusent tristement, selon la coutume de leur pays,*" says Froissart of the English. The Greeks take savage joy in denunciation of Turks and Turkey. And why should they not? The Turks have punctuated their interminable edicts with Greek heads. The sad watch-towers of Turkish islands have been skulls of Hellas whitening on poles. Their dead march has been the cry of ravens on the battle-fields of Thessaly and Epirus. The heraldic bird of Mussulmandom is the buzzard. What strange stories we listened to in the long mornings of Athenian summer, as our English friend told us his experience in Crete, and set before our eyes ghastly rows of decapitated prisoners! The glowing sunshine looked bloodshot, and there seemed to be an effusion of blood in the air. Over Turkey there hovers a sort of diabolic arch of crime, set there as an eternal promise and menace. What can be thought of a people that has no heels to its shoes, indeed? And

a sac for a human heart? To the Spaniard, says Hay, there is almost a feeling of immorality associated with bathing all over. But how these people have luxuriated in their Turkish bath of blood! The Castilian ladies used to glaze their faces twice a week with white of egg, in lieu of the abhorred water. Mohammedanism is this glaze.

In the brilliancy and purity of this air one can see through and through, even to scowling Turkey, on the horizon. The very clouds hang low there, as if full of hate. How beautiful and bright it all looks now in the poetry in which it has been enshrined: Mesolonghi and Patras, Navarino and Nauplia. It takes but fifty years for a battle to become a sublime essence, a poem, a strain of music. Ascending to the empyrean, it descends through the marvelous channel of the poet's brain and becomes Balaklava, Inkerman. Every Greek mind is stored with these essences, poems, and strains of music. Marathon is as fresh as the last theft. Tall Greeks walk amid these memories and seem to grow strangely taller and graver. The boy Heine insisted that *glaube* was *credit*, not *religion*, in French. There could be no such fantastic prank among these clear-faced Hellenes. Whatever else they are, they are in earnest. Thousands of them devote their days and nights to cigarettes, but they do it with

quite a terrible earnestness. Perhaps Froissart's *triste* is the word of all words that describes them best except when they are listening to Jean Poquelin's comedies. Then their intellectual plane receives a tilt, and they spin around like the radiometer on the point of its needle. Wordsworth's

"A yellow primrose at the brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,"

can scarcely be said of the Greeks. They see deep significancy and symbolism where you see an asphodel or a Peloponnesian poppy with its black cross in its scarlet centre. If their mental nails did not grow inward and produce the torture of eternal recollection! People who walk with hooded eyes, and, like some flowers, exhale only in the night, what can be expected of them? Surely not a sensible budget, administrative reform, religious toleration, and macadamized roads. And for all these the Greeks have boundless contempt. *Kalá, kalá!* they ejaculate, and let things wag on as usual, reminding one hugely of the Spanish crows that cry *Cruz! Cruz!* in perpetual reminiscence of the cross. *Kalá* (well) is the stock in trade of the defeated Greek when he has been overwhelmed in argument and been made to feel the incisive emphasis of comparisons. The phrase is unique and significant. How

much more respect could one have for the modern Greeks if one did not unhappily remember that the word for "being a citizen" and the word for "marketable" (*πολιτεύομαι*) are the same! A strange hyphen connects these words, which cower under their common Romaic as under an umbrella. The swagger and stilts of the Asturian are theirs, too. Eyes will blaze and hands gesticulate if the divine right of Greece to be a nation be doubted. The doubt, however, is wholesome, and is continually suggested by what one sees there, eats there, feels and smells there. No nation has the right divine or diabolic to rise in revolt against the five senses! If a man had sight only, how lovely would be Greece. But unfortunately there are other senses equally important. A nose or an ear alone would be the greatest of misfortunes in Hellas. Let us cover the carrion, but not as Charles Baudelaire did, with a purple clout of verse.

"Tutto è pace e silenzio
E più di lor non si ragiona,"

says the poet. These sad and unutterable solitudes of unpeopled Greece are full of pain. It is as of a fullness emptied, a sunshine disilluminated, a country populous of ghosts and bereft of men. Including the cicadaë, the country has about a million and a half of people. But every Greek considers the rest of mankind a mere multiple

of zero, and he increases and multiplies in his own imagination until his numerousness becomes Greek for "dropping of water," myriad. The one hundred and seventy miles of length and one hundred and fifty miles of width of Greece swell in his mind's eye to an illimitable pampas and savanna smiling with fertility, and an ἀνθή-ριθμον γέλασμα of grain. A shock to this illusion is the cruellest blow that could be given to a democratic people. The climate is moderate, the people immoderate; the country is unhealthy, the people healthy. The Greek is always in opposition. No matter where you are, he is on the other side. His astronomical term is apogee, — off in the seventh heaven of delectable vision. Let him alone, and he will pin to his shoulders the wings of a butterfly, and soar joyously sunward. Then a ray scorches him, and he flutters in the lamp.

One can never fancy a modern Greek in the attitude of Faust — deep in study night after night, and watching the moon shining on his Gothic vaults till wisdom comes. The moon is there, and the watcher, but wisdom cometh not. And there is such beautiful moonlight in Greece! What is the use of so much fine talk among the Greeks, when Greece is always groveling in the dust? Still it is well to remember that Mount Parnassus, with Pindar and Epaminondas, was a

Bœotian belonging; that the land of the stupid people culminated in the peak of the muses. Much may be expected from Greece in spite of flightiness, light-headedness, and anger. If sinkers could be tied to their imaginations, they might catch fish. As it is, they are made of gas lighter than hydrogen. When one sits in their cafés and listens to their talk, one seems to be taking in a sort of ether into one's ears, and there is a delicious sensation of feet planted on nothing. Their talk is like whipt eggs. No sooner is a government or a coalition formed than it dissolves like a lump of sugar. And then recombination, Goethe's "application of a chemical principle to the moral world," takes place, to be succeeded by the instantaneous dropping to pieces of the same flower. A tourist must not become a regular newspaper reader while in Greece, for then "Εφαγε λωτόν! Let him be content with eating leeks and minding his business. In Greece everything is bounded by water, and perhaps it is the eternal contemplation of this changeful element that has reacted on its inhabitants, and generated a moral idiosyncrasy. There is even symbolism in the innumerable islands-bits that light up the Ionian and Ægean seas, for disintegration is the watchword of the country. It is only astonishing that the slight umbilical cord of six miles that holds continental and Peloponnesian Greece together has

not been long ago severed. But the continual growl of the earthquake that haunts the neighborhood of Corinth may be looked upon as the earth-spirit's dissent from the universal law! 'A weak current of life circulates through this cord, and vitalizes the famished extremities. In the Peloponnesus, as in the Mediterranean, there is no tide. There is nothing but the dead glittering sunlight, the scathed hills, and malaria. Eubœa, being under the influence of the Turkish rot, is rich enough, and stretches its long lance of verdure from Talanti to the province of Thebes. It is, as it were, the anthers of the flower, and scatters its golden pollen over the arid beauty of adjacent provinces. More than one half the country is occupied by rivers, lakes, and mountains, the other half by half a dozen people. The terrible sirocco blows over Attica and Morea, and knocks down your animated Greeks like a row of nine-pins; or is it the siesta that clears the mid-day streets? The unutterable anguish of this wind cannot be imagined. You feel as if you had committed crimes, eaten garlic, or talked politics. Invisible fingers play along your nerves, and drop a poison all through the system, which results in an indefinable woe and lassitude. This is the airy purgatory which Africa sends over to Greece to punish it for old scores.

Among the Greek imports there are few ideas.

Among their exports are much carbonic acid, folly, and inconsistency. The soil is said to be magnificent, but it produces nothing. To grow wealthy in Greece would be a paradox, for all leave the country, who can, and grow rich in Manchester and Vienna. The geographical features are reflected in the angular forms and individualities of the inhabitants. One must grant that there is a busy circulation of boats in the Greek harbors and round the coast, and in the vast inland gulfs. A sort of ergot has blighted the Greek mind while it was in the milk, hence the rarity of intellectual product. Greece is too near to the sun to come to anything. It is the apple of the sun's eye, and is burnt wheat-white nearly all the year round. The soil yields a few olives and grapes, and there are eels in Lake Copais. Go to the Greek shops and find the rest, which consists principally of the shopman. One of the sorest disadvantages felt by Greek agriculture is said to be the lack of large and swift rivers. But I confess one is at a loss to find out what these large and swift rivers would carry off—Greeks chiefly, I suspect. A nation that follows Hesiod for its almanac will not grow pease, beans, and rice. What streams they have are running streams, hasting away with the fertility of the land. And when the skies water the land, the water flies away with prodigious celerity,

and reënters the empyrean by evaporation. If there were rain in summer, the potatoes would be ready boiled in the earth. Scarcely cotton enough is grown in Argos and the Archipelago to clothe nakedness, and the dreams of their statesmen that these islands will one day compete with the Southern States and India are — dreams. As soon as a Greek has taken too much *κρασί* — dreams; as soon as he lights a cigarette — dreams; as soon as he is munching his favorite morsel of roasted pumpkin-seed — dreams. It is some comfort to Greece, however, that her currants help to make seven million dollars' worth of English plum-puddings; and nine hundred thousand dollars' worth of olive oil in 1875 went into England's cruets. Despite Rhangawis' lovely allegory, the olive seems to be to Greece what the banana has become in the Indies — a source of laziness and demoralization. Its teeming and spontaneous productiveness everywhere forestalls labor, and permits the wretched peasantry to go on in their squalor as long as a black olive will drop into their mouths. One need not reproach them for lighting their lamps with it, but when it kills out everything else except indolence, it becomes an evil. Look at our cotton-eating Southerners!

One is glad to find the Greeks too clever for drunkenness. Grapes are luxuriant, here and

there, — chiefly out of Greece, in the islands. Perhaps immemorial wine-drinking has made them the spare, tense, sinewy people they are, burning them out like an inner sunlight, and making of them the half-translucent skeletons that we see them. A crust is left behind, and that too, cicada-like, hanging to the olive-tree. From the multiplicity of olive-branches there is no peace; owing to the multitude of grapes there is no intoxication. The vine is the most prolific of Greek products except the Greeks themselves. As in most poor communities, children swarm, men and women are rare. The grape and the olive — peace and passion — intertwine and give birth to this population of babes. Think of the grape growing principally over the exquisite columns of buried Corinth and in the dells and slopes of Arcadia! One has a vision of white capitals and pillared stoas, peripatetic philosophers tangled in grape leaves, spells of Arcady, and peace on perfect landscapes.

The Greek tobacco does not remain with me as of very delicious perfume. I have reminiscences of half-hours of torture spent at cafés, in hotels, and on steamers, when I was forced to inhale the odors of the Argolic and Livadian weed, to the uncontrollable trouble of olfactories. When a Greek has smoked his hundredth cigarette, he begins to think of dinner. Hence the

airiest of appetites. Send for a light, and the amiable garçon will come back smoking your cigarette for you. To such courtesy is this nation addicted. The wet and spittle-flecked paper is the waiter's offering on the altar of good-fellowship. For this reason one eschews tobacco in Greece or carries one's own *κηρία* (tapers). Every minute the cigarette is out, and, as one said of the Iberians for the same reason, what can you think of people who trifle with their only occupation in that way? Every *καφφερείον* is a cloudy Olympus where the Pantheon is assembled under the leadership of Momus. The male Hebes of these establishments are of the earth earthy. Judging by what one sees, their chief food in summer seems to be cigarettes, nutshells, fig-stems, and orange peel. The sunniest apricots and goldenest lemons and whitest-blossomed almonds are gone before the traveler comes. Then marvelous are the stories of Attic fertility, tropical crops, and felicitous seasons dropped into his incredulous ears. The figs are certainly as flavoured as they were in antiquity, and the fig-leaf as rare. They are greenish-yellow of aspect, pink and full of seed inside, and form a delicious thimbleful of aromatic fruit. They will not, however, compare with the *celeste* fig of the Gulf of Mexico. With antiquity has disappeared the race of sycophants that used to give the Attic

lawgiver so much trouble. A race of caterpillars that live on the inns of court has taken their place. If there were any figs in the country, beyond the absolute needs of the consumers, they might be exported without lese-majesty. But judging by the great numbers of griddles and fritters and quivering things, both alive and farinaceous, which I saw in skillets, I should say the modern Greeks speak historically when they refer to figs, and live on quite different fare. The whole quay was full of kicking and scintillating pans and braziers, when we landed at Syra and threaded our way as through an interminable kitchen. The cooks did not seem to mind the donkeys' switching their tails through the glowing oil every now and then, and seasoning the morceaux it was frying. It was all a delightful juxtaposition and picture of oriental life, — oil and all.

The guide-books have umbrageous stories about the forests of Greece, how they cover one eighth of the whole territory of the kingdom. I did not see them with my own eyes, and rather think the boskiness exists only in the fruitful fancies of the guide-book compilers. The Parnessian, Dorian, Eubœan, and Acarnanian forests *were* famous for their density and beauty. The silk-worm might hypothetically (as what might not, all the world over?) be cultivated with profit, if — But, adds the dolorous account, —

an account as frequent as the ever-recurring response in the litany, — this resource also has been much neglected. Then it is useless to talk about imaginary localities which might be clad in silk and become luxuriant with mulberry. As it happens, they are not, and our concern is with things present. We shall never see fustanellas of silk trailing this storied dust, or proud *pallikars* touching their silken caftans to the Phanariote aristocrats, at least not until Greece pays the interest on her debt.

Mines and quarries? There may be, as a French writer remarks, mountains of marble containing enough material to construct another Parthenon, only it will never be constructed. All that is needed is workmen and wagons. Precisely, — workmen and wagons, wagons and workmen, workmen and wagons, one goes on mechanically repeating as with an unmeaning phrase, in a country where nothing is on wheels. "The road is laid out from the mountains to the Piræus," adds this writer picturesquely, "and from the Piræus to the whole world." This is refreshingly like Herodotus describing the wonders of Egypt. It seems as if the Greek quarries of Paros and Pentelicus were to give us no more beauteous births of gods and goddesses, not only because the skilled human hand is no longer there, but because the brute marble itself cannot be got at

or made accessible without great expense. And Italy loves with Buonarrotti to linger among her own Carrara quarries in the hope that genius and memory may bring her a new renaissance. The Greeks know of the existence of lead, silver, emery, but this knowledge is as bad to them as the Anglo-Saxon poet describes the knowledge of good and evil to have been to Adam and Eve. The mere knowledge of good, with attainment on the other side of the sea, is a downright evil; and so what belongs by right to Hellas is falling into the hands of greedy foreign capitalists, who are picking among the trash left at Laurium by the slaves of Nikias, and hope to turn a penny thereby. One can imagine the emotions of the people, as they stand by with empty pockets and see the foreigners filling theirs. The Greeks have not what the Germans call the *Silberblick* (the silver eye), for where it is raining silver to others, to them, poor people, it is a rain of lead. Not that they do not desire silver, of all earthly blessings and benedictions. The love of it has given birth — after laborious parturition, to be sure, — to really admirable traits in them. For example, brothers will not marry till all their sisters are provided for; and there is careful talk about how many olive-trees a prospective bridegroom brings. On these will depend the happiness of the Psalmist's olive plants, who are to sit around the table.

The chattiness of the Greeks may be inferred from the two hundred thousand telegrams sent over the telegraphic wires in 1875 ; indeed, what keeps the country from absolute inanition is the fifteen hundred miles of wires that connect it with itself and with " Europe." There are a few post-offices, but the letters and papers sent through them for the whole kingdom hardly exceed the proportions of Chicago.

The Greeks belong to those unhappy people who spend more than their incomes. Hence tranquillity is not a nightly guest, and annual deficits have not been opiates to an unquiet conscience. Think of bees being directly taxed to help out this pitiable state of things ! And then the gall mingled with that honey ! A matter of \$75,000 or \$150,000 on the debit side of the account book is a formidable affair in this diminutive territory. Men shrug their shoulders and look grave ; the affair is a matter of life and death, orange-peel this year and pumpkin-seed next, through a series of excruciating economies. The floating debt is sinking the country, letting alone the enormous foreign debt of some eighty millions. This is no small matter to a land all beauty and brightness and aridness. Then speculation has its pickings ; and pensions, civil-list, deputies, war-office, interior, administration, and collection of revenues come in for a share of plunder.

The Greek fleet, such as it is, abounds in pictorial names — Basileus Giorgios, Salaminia, Glaukos, Polydeukes, Amphitrite, etc. Three or four hundred sailors constitute the working force, with half as many subalterns and a few officers. Greece will not dispute the supremacy of the seas with this force. But one should not smile at these Liliputian dimensions, or at the mosaic complexion of the army, with its tithe of nationalities, like a pope's guard. They do what they can. And Greece has so long been a nursling of England that she is still as it were in her night-gown and nurse's arms — a dry nurse, too. A handful of Anglo-Saxons and a bit of Lombard Street would rehabilitate Greece wonderfully. Pity that England did not take charge of continental rather than of insular Greece ; then perhaps there might have been twenty miles of roads or a navigable stream. As it is, one bestrides an abnormally gaunt steed, with a sort of wooden cold-frame for a saddle, and picks one's patient way over the blessed fields. And this Pickwickian jaunt is not interfered with by fences.

A curious sort of religious toleration exists in Greece. You may practice your own faith to your heart's content ; but if you attempt to turn a Greek from the error of his ways, you may be thrown into prison. This accomplished people

consider their religion ultimate, and proselytism treason. The Orthodox Eastern Church gazes on Roman Catholic performances with amused contempt. They consider them childish, superstitious, and irreverent, forgetting their own fanaticism, infatuation, and saint-worship. St. Spiridon annually has all Corfu on its knees, doing obeisance to his wonder-working toe. One should like to know if this is any better than popish hagiology. Independent in all things, the Greek Church is a secession from the patriarchate of Constantinople, and has an incredible number of archbishops and bishops for the size of its domain. The old scholastic quibble of how many angels could dance on the point of a cambric needle has become in Greece : How many bishops and archbishops can find dioceses in the eparchies? There are no less than five of each in the small Ionian islands, six of each in the insignificant peninsula of Peloponnesus, and nearly as many for continental Greece proper. Some of the places are said to be purchased. Athens is the seat of the metropolitan, who is the apex of the ecclesiastical pyramid. Happy prelates who are paid by the state ; unfortunate subordinates who get precarious sustenance from matrimonial, baptismal, and burial fees ! One can appreciate the energy with which these good people marry, baptize, and bury. Every lover's sigh is to them

a drachma ; every infant's wail a glad summons ; every cypress planted the symbol of content.

"Come, come with me, and we will make short work ;
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one !"

cries the friar in "Romeo and Juliet."

It is hardly the province of a sketch-book to enter into matters of dogma and describe the differences between Catholics and Greeks. They are at one in four, and at variance in eight points ; the differences beginning with the altar-railings and ending with the mode of making the sign of the cross, and the agreements beginning in the mysteries of transubstantiation and ending in the mists of idol-worship. In spite of these harmonies and discords, which would seem to neutralize one another and produce peace, there is mutual abhorrence. Of course the celibate Roman despises the connubial Greek. Then there is unseemly squabbling over the sacramental elements, over the observation of Easter, over the dogma of purgatory, and over the reading of the Scriptures. Into what infinity of detail all this enters is unknown save to the churches themselves. It amounts, however, to sneers and laughter on both sides.

The same delightful vagueness about educational matters among the women exists in Greece

as in Spain. We are told that even tolerably schooled Spanish *señoritas* cannot tell the difference between a *b* and a *v*, and only seven or eight per cent. of the Greek women can read and write their own names. They are not by any means tongue-tied, as one finds when riding in railway carriages with them. Only a very small proportion of the women attend the public schools, and those of the better class have in the last forty years been educated by Dr. Hill, the American missionary. One is surprised now and then to hear the women talking English at the theatres in Greece. The general public-school system of Greece is elaborate enough, but there are, I think, more parrots than Porsons educated by them. Communal schools, Hellenic schools, gymnasia, and the university, constitute the fourfold division of the system. The communal schools are elementary, and include the three R's and bits of history, geography, and natural philosophy. The Greeks are too quick-witted to learn much. With them knowledge is inspiration and argument is assertion. They will run round the navigable and innavigable globe in less time than you can say Jack Robinson, and display infinite ignorance in the journey. And the institutions where all this is taught are open to both sexes.

Then come the so-called Hellenic schools, devoted to French, Latin, and Greek (with "pony-

ing" from ancient into modern Greek). To judge by specimens of table d'hôte French to which I was inquisitorially bound to listen, I should say that the Greek French was at least as bad as the French Greek. And this, too, despite the Institut Français at Athens, a colony of the University of France designed to promote classic and archæological studies. What the Latin is may be judged from the tortuous and torturing Italian which one takes down with the atrocious Szexard wine on board the steamers, on the quays, in the salons, and on the streets. *Omnes vulnerant, ultima necat*, read Théophile Gautier of the hours on the hour-disk of the town-clock of Urrugue. So with the Greek Italian. One delights to know that the Greek girls really read "Thouky-dee'des," as they call him, with fluency, in their upper classes. And from the facile and melodious names appropriated to them — Nausikaa, Corinna, Sappho, Eurydike, Olympias — one might be misled to think they knew something about ancient history. Such is seldom the case.

Then comes the next link, the gymnasia, high schools or *écoles supérieures*, where the scholars "pursue" (without ever attaining) Latin and Greek, and all the 'ics, 'isms, 'ologies, 'phies, and lingos embraced under logic, ethics, physics, philosophy, French, English, and German. And after it all I met but one man that could

speaking English, two that could speak French, and none that could speak Greek. The Greek that spoke French was a Russian; M. Evangelides had been educated in America; and the Greeks had not been educated at all. What philosophy can be taught, or what logic, in this irrational list, or whose ethics is exemplified in the shops and ξενοδοχεῖα (guest-holders), one is in the so frequent predicament of the Greeks themselves — ἄπορος — to know.

Last of all, like the *impedimenta* of some vast army, comes in the university. The course consists principally of professors. Students are admitted and run up to large numbers. If the university did not turn out so many pettifoggers and theologues, it would be a really useful institution. Litigation would be less perennial than it is, and religion more religious. One cannot see the forest for the trees, said Richter. One cannot believe for the believers. Many men of celebrity have been connected with the university — patriots, statesmen, even scholars. It is of too crude growth and too recent establishment to ripen and mature the intellects of Greece. Hence the state of feverish inquietude, equinoctial uncertainty; hence the "motherly" condition of Greek life. It is as with a young god full of the fury of some divine wine. The nation is ever reeling in political excitement, raging with dissensions,

oscillating between extremes. It has waked in the night and is full of furious spring fever. It is not the still and solemn sea ; it is the edge of it as it lashes the shore in leonine surges and scatters spray to the stars. When the sun has sweetened and cleared all these wild juices ; when Greece has won the tranquillity of culture ; when the Boulé ceases to be a marionnette theatre and becomes a house of parliament ; when there is a head to these thousand limbs and a hand with a whip in it, — then the university will have accomplished its most noble missionary work. And not till then will there be citizens and scholars. At present one sees a nation of school children, satchel in hand, going to the newest sciences to be fed with the latest developments — hearty, winsome, eloquent, and obliging children withal, but entirely too much given to gongs and pancakes. A sound castigation now and then from reasonable people, a decided set-down of national conceit, some glimmering intuitions of the geographical proportions and importance of other countries, a little logic of events, and economy both political and private, both in word and in deed ; these are elements towards the realization of that pining for nationality which has become a malady with the Greeks. It is useless to climb frantic May-poles and think to get a *coup d'œil* of the universe. Stay

where you are, on the sober earth, with feet well planted in facts, no matter how the nettles sting. Then Soutzos' beautiful dream may again be realized :—

Χώρα μεγαλοφυΐας ! εἰς τοὺς κολποὺς σου τὸ πάλαι,
 'Ω πατρὶς μου ! αἱ ἰδέαι ἀνέβλαστον αἱ μεγάλαι·
 Καὶ τυραννοκτόνον ξίφος κρύπτοντες εἰς τὰς μυρσίνας
 Οἱ 'Αρμόδιοι ἀνῶρθον ἰσονόμους τὰς 'Αθήνας.
 'Αλλοτε Θεοὶ ἐπάτουν τὰ ἐδάφη σου, καὶ θείαν
 'Εως σήμερον ἡ γῆ σου ἀναδίδει εὐωδίαν,
 Καὶ ἡ αὖρα τοῦ ζεφύρου.
 Πνέει ἔτι τὴν ἀρχαίαν μελωδίαν τοῦ 'Ομήρου.

I suspect the Greeks will have to come down to the narrow English notion of "comfort" before they ever become anything. A nation that scorns many of the decencies and indecencies of life, that waives hospitality, that calls a pipe a smoke-syringe and a bed a wood-heap (ξύλο-κραββάτιον), that is devoured by mosquitoes and sun, and scorns sun-shades and mosquito-nets, that calls an individual an *atom* (ἄτομον), an officer *axiomatic* (ἀξιωματικός), a port a *pore* (πόρος, outlet), the spiritual life the *pneumatic* hereafter, and makes a *ghost* (στοιχείον, element) of Sir William Hamilton's stoicheiology ; a nation, moreover, that twists philosophical terminology and taunts a horse with being *irrational* (ἄλογον, horse), takes in vain the fine old term of the Ionic philosophers, *analysis*,¹ the dissolution of

¹ *Vid.* Geldart.

the elements of created things in decay or death, and makes it dissolve a lump of sugar in the abominable black coffee of Athens, and turns inside out the philosophic *schema*, *thesis*, and *taxis* of Democritus and Leucippus, and makes them mean respectively a monk's habit, a place in a coach, and a class in a steam-packet or railway carriage ; is such a nation, one breathlessly asks, on the way to political regeneration ? In the fine old Greek word for *calm* (γαλήνη) the ancients saw "the smile of the sea"¹ (γελάειν). In modern times their descendants regard a calm, political or otherwise, as a great discomfort. Who knows what a little attention to Buckle's idea of the influence of food on the national life would evoke in the way of health and wholesomeness in this southern latitude. "Carry biscuits and provisions," cried the Bayonnais to Gautier, on his way to Spain, in 1840 ; "the Spaniards breakfast on a teaspoonful of chocolate, dine on an onion steeped in water, and sup on a paper cigarette !" And this has reduced Spain to what it is.

Of national traits there are some most amiable ones ; of traitors no end, if one gives heed to the denunciations of the men in office. A word of abuse in Greece is always something concrete ; a man who does not believe your way, or go the length of your tether, is a dog, an assassin, an ass,

¹ *Vid.* Geldart.

an idiot. No sooner does a man climb to the height of his ambition, than people drag him down to the depth of theirs. Nameless crimes have been attributed to one of the best and gentlest of kings. If their majesties gave a ball every night in the year, it would not stop the busy feet of the guests from kicking at them. As the king is blond, they want him brun; as he is short, they want him tall; as he is young, they want him old. As for the queen, *she* is a Russian. Fortunately the children have all been born in Greece, and there is a slight hope that the Greeks will at last have a Hellenic king, and the present Danish dynasty be perpetuated. A child *must* be named Constantine, in view of the immemorial hope of a restoration of the empire of Constantine the Great. There is something pathetic in the polygot of languages with which such a royal child must be tormented: Danish, Russian, Greek, Italian, English, French, and German. In the acquisition of these, kings forget to be constitutional. In conning their Ollendorffs, they neglect the law. In the purgatory of irregular verbs, they hear not the cries of their subjects. Genders are to them more than genius, and felicity of phrase than the greatest common good. Both Otho and George were taken young, no doubt that they might overcome the difficulties of modern Greek. The one acquired the language

and lost his kingdom. The other rules to-day surrounded by a troop of light-haired, happy-hearted Danish children, with his queen Olga of the golden hair and wonderful complexion.* And she with her low-bodiced dames of honor, her vast palace, her carriages and horses, and her charming garden, loses hardly more than three nights' rest a week in dread of revolution. Whether any one of her bright princes and princesses will ever sit on the throne of Greece no doubt affords the royal mother many an hour of anxiety. Nobody else seems anxious. To hear the Greeks talk, now and then, one would think they adored their rulers and prayed for their health and wealth every hour in the day. So they did with poor Otho, till one morning he went on a visit to the Peloponnesus, and — never came back again. A king on the throne of Greece is in the attitude of the Parisian who works the spiral velocipede: there is gyration, if there is not absolute revolution, all the time. To the all-wise Greeks the quadrature of the circle is a trifle; *they* see through governmental and administrative perplexities, and could point you out a thousand modes of settling them. But they never do. They see through the millstone; but it grinds them no corn. Hence their politics without a party, coalitions without a policy, dissolutions and recombinations in dizzying succession. The people gaze and whip on the

top : all which comes from six hundred and twenty-two out of the twelve hundred university students being lawyers.

The singular and spontaneous outburst of gambling throughout Greece on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day is a phenomenon. Though strictly forbidden by law throughout Europe, with the exception of Monaco, there is an annual rebellion in Greece which rages for several days and involves all classes of the population. Banks are improvised in the cafés, and groups of impassioned players and passionate pilgrims surround the tables, dumbly staring or desperately playing. Processions of boys move through the streets at night, and press into all the coffee-houses and wine-shops, with drummer and flute-blower leading ; they drag around a great picture of a vessel or steamship, or a dunce-cap of colored paper on a frame, illuminated inside. The boys crowd around the transparency and accompany its progress through the town with a peculiar Turkish-sounding chant. As soon as they enter a café they hand round a plate and gather in coppers. On New Year's Day itself the object of these collections comes out : tables are set up in all the streets, whereon roulette-dishes stand, a ragamuffin plays croupier, and other ragamuffins stand round gloating on the game. Sometimes playthings and confectionery, provided with num-

bers, are placed upon the table, and lottery numbers are drawn out of a bag. This gives a glimpse of Young Greece. And they will ask Your Brilliancy (*σας λαμπρότητας*) for money with all imaginable grace and glibness, and in times of mourning will even crape their chimneys to show their deep and indescribable grief.

American legislators might contemplate with edification the salaries of three hundred and fifty dollars apiece, which the parliamentary deputies get, and the two thousand given to the king's ministers. These pittances, one is told, are enriched and increased by bribery, speculation, sales, threats, and manœuvring. Though the deputies are allowed seats in the Boulé, one is not allowed or expected to sit down in the house of God, for there are no seats. One's head swims before a sort of mirage of antiquity on seeing Sophoklēs, Socrates, Phil-Hellene, Stadion, and Euripides Street, neatly painted in black and white, and affixed to the house-corners. And if one hails one of the Maltese commissionaires standing in these streets, the incongruity may be increased by an answer in Arabic. And further, "Arabic corn" will rouse the indignation of all true Americans as a name given to our maize. What with saints' days, names, mendicancy, and pride ; what with love of decorations and uniforms, quietness in crowds, family affection, honesty of servants,

and laxity in official life, one's view of these strange people becomes touched with a thousand tints, and ends, like Wagner's operas, in a grand discord. Who was it who said that Athens became the Byzantine Siberia? Those gloomy days are past, and we have a beautiful city, full of the intensest modern life, the liveliest colors, the newest modes and measures, gas, theatres, newspapers, and a king. The Greeks must try to be like everybody else, or perish in the effort. They approach it as nearly as a people in petticoats can. True, their bookshops are unspeakably dismal, and contain nothing; Pindar's *Βαθύζωροι* women still trip about the thoroughfares; they greet one with the antique *χαίρε* (hail!); the men kiss each other on parting, and the priests name the children; but these little Hellenisms will probably soon wear away, and we shall have the Greeks as they desire to be—fourth-rate imitations of the French; Lutetia Parisiorum, the favorite of Julian the Apostate, is the fit Mecca of these would-be apostate people. It is a French novel or a ribald play that one picks up in an Athenian bookstall, not often the erudite commentary of some German scholar who has spent a lifetime on the Greek prepositions. And of the two one prefers the novel. That is at least light and handy, while the other is an interminable thicket of references in crabbed type. The books that fa-

vor Greece are sometimes found there, and those that do not, being on the index expurgatorius, are seldom to be found. Thus they live in a delightful atmosphere of perfumed self-complacency, and think all the world is agape with admiration. Adverse criticism is intolerable ; hence the odium of About, Fallmerayer, and others. If you fall on your knees and worship, then Greece may save you ; but the least sparkle of a critical eye will condemn to eternal banishment. The Greeks are now somewhat in the attitude of the Americans fifty years ago, — new, self-conscious, arrogant, and ignorant, fit subjects for the Halls and Trollopes that excoriated them. Like all near-sighted and slightly deaf people, they are suspicious, and in inverse proportion to their having any reason to be. Natural laughter and smiles they construe into disapprobation ; a twitch of the mouth is a taunt thrown at some institution ; tourists are sbirros come to spy out the nakedness of the land and immortalize it in some defamatory book. Tuckerman tells us that they have a rather unpleasant habit of writing letters to strangers whom they imagine wealthy, and, if they get anything, are occasionally seen entertaining themselves and their friends with it at cafés. This I cannot vouch for, but it is certainly not peculiar to this folk. There are kindly traits and good traits in them as in all ;

only, pretense is a little more ebullient in Greece than elsewhere, and a habit of exaggeration is strong in the nation. A nation without conceit — the illusion of (non-existent) greatness — would perhaps be little worth, for there is a grain of gold in the vice, which sometimes helps people into being eventually what they think they already are. There are no ghosts to those who do not fear them, said Voltaire. The spectacle of regenerated, purified, and law-abiding Hellas would be a noble one for the world. Brigandage extinguished, roads built, the country developed, and foreign capital attracted, we should see the youngest of nationalities entering on a long and prosperous career, perhaps her ancient glory revived, and an ingenuous and ingenious population plucked from the grasp of scheming politicians. This is too much to hope for, until Greece has passed through the green and yeasty stage in which she now finds herself, — a stage which our gardens exhibit every spring, and which is not to be got through with till the long autumn and afternoon ripen with their beneficent heat.

What a curious aspect foreign proper names have acquired in Greek! Names familiar to us are often unintelligible at the first glance. General Church, the former commander-in-chief of the Greek army, has become Τζούρτζ; Blooms-

bury Museum, in London, Βλούμσμπουργε Μουσείον ; Washington and Webster, Βάσιγκτων and Γουέβστερ ; Manchester and Mahomet, Μάγχεστρια and Μωάμεθ ; Connecticut and Wellington, Κοννέκτικατ and Γουέλιγκτων ; Clay, Monroe, and California, Κλαίν, Μονρόε, and Καλλιφρόνια ; Liverpool, Piccadilly, Stanfield, and Finlay (the historian of Greece), Λίβερπουλ, Πικαδίλλο, Στάνφελδ, and Φίνλαϋ ; Birmingham and Victoria, Βίρμιγγαμ and Βικτόρια ; all ingenious and happy, but fantastic-looking reproductions.

A similar transformation has taken place in the folk-lore of ancient Greece. A delightful chapter might be written by some competent person on modern Greek folk-lore. It is full of the perfume of antiquity, strikingly original and poetic, and abounds in archæological interest. Bernhard Schmidt¹ has made a most interesting collection of contemporary Hellenic usage and tradition in this respect ; but it is not accessible to the non-German-reading investigator. "As a rule, good books are in German," says Seeley, "and it may happen that the student does not know German."

The nereid-legend is the loveliest of all, and winds through popular life in Hellas like a golden thread. "Beautiful as a nereid," "nereid-eyed," are common expressions even among the

¹ *Volksleben der Neugriechen und das Hellenische Alterthum.* Leipzig, 1871.

lower classes. The nereids are no longer water-nymphs exclusively, but run through every phase of human and landscape life, embracing the naiads, oreads, and dryads. They visit as The Friendly Ones, the seas, rivers, springs, and fountains, the forests, gorges, and caves, the high mountains, valleys, and plains; they nest in the huge niched olive-trees and stone oaks; they give names to many localities; they dance by moonlight on the ancient spots consecrated to them, like the Karykian cave of Parnassus, in antiquity; they are slender-figured, brilliant-faced; beautiful girls are said to be nereid-born; their favorite colors are white and red; here and there the splendid beauty attributed to them is disfigured by goat-like feet; they are astonishingly light and agile, swing themselves in the air, and traverse incredible distances; they live more than a thousand years, spin and weave for the slumbering house-wife; a filmy-tendriled, airy climbing plant that twines about the peasants' homes is called nereid-thread; to dance like a nereid is a proverb, and their song is enchanting; their gladness and gayety, their intermarriage with mortals, their dancing on the mountains to the shepherd's flutes; the multitude of beautiful legends of young men of extraordinary comeliness who became their lovers, and to whom they delivered themselves up; the legendary descent

of many families from them ; the disastrous influence they exercise at noon, as The Hostile Ones, especially in summer, near a stream, or in the shadow of a plane, poplar, fig, or chestnut tree, at cross-roads and beside mills ; the irresistible power they exert over young people in luring them to wander in the woods by themselves until death overtakes them ; their dwelling in the whirlwinds which visit Greece in summer, and the deprecatory prayer the old women mutter at that time — Μέλι καὶ γάλα στὸν δρόμο σας (milk and honey on your path !) ; the curious and confused medley of pagan and Christian myth blending in the infinite legends about them : all this conspires to cast a glamour over the rude rustic life, which is close to the freshest morning imagination. It shows extraordinary facility and vivacity of fancy, and a strange persistence of legends current in ancient and mediæval times.

Then the *drymia* that live in the water, the curious race of demons, called *exotic*, that haunt graveyards and reeds and lonesome places by night and at noon, the holy hour of the gods, when it was dangerous to play on the flute, for while the sun is glowing and glistening in the mid-heavens men feel the need of rest and the gods may walk forth undisturbed : these are the counter-balance on the dark side to the bright-haired, beautiful-footed nereids. Demonic might, in the

popular superstition, is attributed to the *lamia*, another series of sea-spirits, to whom has passed much of the fantastical power over men and music belonging to the sirens. They are the bugaboo of children, and figure largely in the dilating twilight and magnifying dusk. Sea-demons, the horrible *strigla* that fly by night to the cradles of young children and suck their blood; the child-killing *Gello*, that transforms itself into a fish, a swallow, and a strand of goat's hair; the *monno*, with which nurses frighten children; the *Gorgona*, descendant of the classic Gorgo; the *kalikantsari*, the werewolves of Greece, who get possession of the babes born between Christmas and New Year, since it is sinful for mortal women to bear children within the period consecrated to the pangs and purification of the Holy Mother; who come down the chimney and make ugly work with the pots and kettles, but stand in mortal dread of a black cock: all these furnish food to the lively, illiterate peasantry in the long winter nights, and interweave their singular influences with the doings and sayings of the people. Neo-Hellenic demonology has more than one reminiscence of the ancient Pan and Hephæstus in the *lame demon* and the demons of the flocks and herds. The vampyre, which is the soul of a dead man expiating some great crime, is another thrilling creation of popular fancy. Then come

the *telonia*, or spirits of the air, that sparkle electrically along the cordage of ships by night in storms; the guardian angels, that accompany men through life; the house-snakes, that are local spirits; the treasure-guarding dragons, that recall the Hesperides-myth, to conciliate whom a little blood must be spilt under the treasure; the giants' graves, shown in many places; the three Fates, who are still so busy with the Greek imagination, and who are spinning, reeling off, and clipping the thread of life as diligently as ever, even their names (*μοῖραι*) being unchanged: a cluster of myths beautifully interwoven with all manner of graceful custom, reminding one of May-day superstitions and All Hallow E'en. Charon and the under-world open the earth and let out a flight of strange, lovely, and poetic beliefs, which mix in with the speech and habitudes of the day, and give rise to phrases, songs, and sayings innumerable. Charon is not only boatman of the under-world, he is the mighty *Θάνατος*, Death himself, with his shadowy realm. He is even taken into the service of the Christian Church and made to minister in certain things; now mild, tender, and sympathetic, then menacing and relentless. The joyless Homeric view of death as the supreme evil is still rife. All, good and bad alike, descend to Hades, and life only is the highest blessing. Countless lights burn in the king-

dom of Charon, each one of which represents a human life one by one extinguished. Paradise and Hades change places in this odd semi-paganized condition of mind so common in less visited Greece, while the reeds that kiss each other in the bending wind are the souls of lovers giving the last caress.

All this is inextricably entangled with a mass of Christian superstitions, legends of saints, martyrs, and devils, religious festivals and commemorations, mythological ideas of God, pictures, relics, vows, and consecrations. Here the Madonna-legend has taken strongest and strangest hold, and is now a tender, now a pathetic, and now a sublime creation of loving and worshiping fancy.

VI.

WE left Athens by the *Lucifer* — and a Lucifer of a time we had ! It blew something of a gale all day, and nearly everybody was laid out. I was called at five in the morning, made my toilet, drank a dish of tea, and then went down to my good δαίμων, Miltiades Vidis. We found nearly all the servants of the establishment waiting, hands out, including the dark-eyed, handsome proprietor, and I gave fees to five of the *attachés* (*attachés* indeed, for they stick to you like wax !), and left as many open-mouthed, empty-handed, and chagrined. Athens was very beautiful in the early morning — in the gray, dewy, sunlight-flushed Attic morning. I had never felt the wonderful beauty of its situation so fully before. The deserted streets and closed houses ; the occasional cry of an itinerant wood-vender, driving his asses on the sunny side of the street ; a carriage or two loitering in the square below ; the bright, mysterious, fresco-like fringe of mountains just beginning to live and lighten on the borders of the Attic plain ; the cool distances of tender blue sea singularly calm in this silent hour, —

what pangs of poetic reminiscence such a scene awakens! Then think how delightful it was to drive in one of those comfortable Athenian ἀμαξαί, with a quick pair of horses, the top thrown back, and the delicious sting of the fresh morning air in one's face! To see the Orient one must see it in the early morning. The twin dusks of morning and evening soften its ardent lights and shadows, throw a veil over its intolerable suns, and fill one's memory with enjoyable recollections.

We whirled on down the fine road to the Piræus (four miles distant), and I turned back many times to take parting glances at the great theatre of ancient history. The roads were just being watered, and we were saved the annoyance (which is perennial at Athens) of the subtile, wind-blown lime dust. For a long distance the road is a splendid avenue of silver-poplars, locusts, and plane trees, with brown, sunburnt fields or vineyards loaded with grapes on each side. The long stretch of noble olive-trees lay nestled in silver uncertainty at this early hour. Far away we could see the white walls of the Monastery of St. Elias, at the entrance of the Pass of Daphne, receiving an acute accent from the advancing sun. Groups of market-people and donkeys, wagons and peasants, passed us on their way to Athens. In an hour we had reached the noisy

harbor of Piræus, catching glimpses of the Long Wall of Themistocles here and there. We paid our five drachmæ, got into the boat (two drachmæ), and were rowed out to the *Lucifer*, which I was nearly the first to reach. Other passengers soon came, and by eight o'clock a crowd had gathered, several handsome Italian men and women among them. Before we left the wind had increased to violence, and filled the air far out to sea with a cloud of dust. There was, however, an inconceivable refreshment in the wind after the protracted heat and languor of Athens. The Acropolis hung in the distance for a long time after our departure, and did not finally disappear till we were in the neighborhood of Sunium. Mournful and majestic it looked in this silver silence, as we sped past the island of Salamis, the shores of Ægina, the peak of Mount Gerania, and the long and lofty range of Isthmian and Peloponnesian mountains, all pure and perfect in outline as a Chinese carving. Who in this singularly magnificent scene of the Saronic Gulf could help remembering that grand passage in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus where he celebrates the beacon-lights shot into sudden bloom on the mountain-tops by the fall of Troy? Just so these fairy heights shot into ethereal bloom under the golden touch of the morn, the "Torch of Conquest" and "Traveling Fire" that lighted even to Agamemnon's battlements.

There was the usual amount of *distrain* conversation at breakfast, carried on in voluble Italian or spasmodic Greek, copiously bedewed with Szexard wine. And then the chicken buried in rancid rice, the *filet de bœuf* pointed with tomato sauce, the greasy potatoes and aromatic, oily salad, followed, not by Gruyère or *fromage de Brie*, but by the usual melancholy mockery of withered fruit and coffee. Then the gale came with vehemence, followed by a scene of piteous and indescribable woe: grewsome men and women stretched out; horrid children laid low; puling babies a-squeak; handing about of hideous blue-porcelain pots; impossibility of reading or keeping still. Although we were passing down a necklace of bright isles—never out of sight of their blueness and beauty and fantastical grace—it all seemed a mockery to the dismayed passengers; and those who had taken breakfast, and those who had not, were equally loathly. The fine ruined temple on Cape Sunium fortunately passed before us ere this crisis of disenchanting weather befell. And all this gale and tumult of wind while the loveliest blue sky was beaming above, the wildest and winsomest sunlight was beating about us.

At 5 or 6 we steamed into Syra—the island-port of the Levant—and anchored before the charming little oriental city, being immediately

boarded and captured by a throng of rogues, who would take us ashore in spite of ourselves. I never saw such a set of wild monkeys as these Greek islanders — knowing just enough of several languages to inspire you with faint hope, and then allure you into inextricable difficulties, insolent, rapacious, and sharp. We were to wait till midnight for the great mail-steamer from Constantinople to Corfu. The night, of course, passed either sleeplessly or with troubled snatches of ill-sufficing slumber, for at half-past one we had to bargain with a boatman to carry us over this Styx and put us on the mail-steamer. Rough water, dim light, a throng of clamorous wretches surrounding the *Ettore*, through whom, with Odyssean cunning, we vainly strove to make our way; a steep ladder on the side of the ship to climb, while the boat bounded wildly; an evident desire on the part of the batteliere to make off into the midnight with my baggage while I was climbing; a multitude of barges and passenger *barche*, whose owners were all shouting and quarreling in chorus. What a night! I felt several years older when I finally got safe and sound to the deck of the *Ettore*, and groped my way in the darkness down into the cabin. A long ship full of many-colored oriental life — Germans, Austrians, Americans, English, Dalmatians, Turks, Greeks, Italians, French, Moslems, and

missionaries, soldiers and civilians, men in fezes, pugguries, turbans, a band of wandering musicians fleeing from Adrianople, groups of Turks lying about on rugs and bright-colored mattresses, in the midst of melons, playing-cards, snoring, eating, praying, prostrating themselves toward Mecca ; Eastern women sprawling and squatting here and there on the second-class deck ; fierce-looking fellows with pistols sticking out of their belts or swathed about the loins with gay-hued sashes ; everywhere the flashing eyes, thick brows, and pale skins of the Levant.

The deck looked like the ward of an Eastern hospital : it was covered over with thick awnings to keep out the sun ; pallets were spread everywhere ; a huge, green, rollicking parrot peeped out of one side of the gangway pavilion, and the Dalmatian captain, smoking an enormous hookah, sat in the other. The Germans chattered ; the French shrugged and gesticulated ; the English sang hymns over the wheel-house ; the Turks played cards, munched melons, smoked interminable cigarettes, and squatted on their heels ; and the wandering musicians, recovering from their seasickness, forgot their exile, and gave us the liveliest waltzes and polkas for our Sunday afternoon ! What a crowded, colored, feverish three days it was ! My state-room companions were Germans, — a young clerk from

Smyrna; a florid-faced, gold-spectacled Frankforter from Athens, always talking about working for the Greeks, Lumpenpack, etc., etc.; and a pot-bellied Viennese, full of fun, ribaldry, and beer, all the time. The cuisine was like a French menu gone mad — a mixture of all nationalities, substances, and sauces, good enough in its way, too, but for the infinite piquancy of its unknown ingredients. The Austrian Lloyd's steamers furnish an abundance of food, which is eatable enough, but rather promiscuous. The attendance is good. Mixed as the food was, I could not help thinking how superior it appeared to the brutal coarseness of an Atlantic steamer's fare, where you have mountains of meat and not a savory morsel, "thirty-two religions and but one sauce!" How gladly would one throw away the long phalanx of abominable pastry for a single dainty Italian or French dessert! But the loaded stomach must be sickened with fifty custards, pies, and puddings, or J. Bull will grumble. An ocean steamer is indeed (and alas!) but the vestibule of our polyglot and polygluttonous American cookery.

The *Ettore* was what they call in Levant slang a *celere*, or fast steamer, and made good time. At 7 in the morning — Sunday morning — we left Syra, and in the evening we were rounding Cape Malea and steaming in and around the

beautiful peaked and pointed land of the Peloponnese. A hermit dwells on this desolate but brilliant Naze. The *Ettore* fired a gun as we passed, but failed to draw him from his little hut, which crowned a picturesque rock and was surrounded by some evidences of a meagre garden. There was a tiny chapel at a short distance, and out in front the cincturing and opal-toned Mediterranean.

An infinite *grotesquerie* is this Peloponnesian coast — a piece of goblin (not Gobelins) tapestry, for it shoots out and then in, with long inland-stretching lapses of sunlit coast-line; bold out-tossings and upturnings of cragged and castled promontory; distances hung thick with historic mountains, curves, and crescent-like gulfs, — in short, a grand, gnarled Gothic coast, most brilliantly bare and pictorial. It is like a piece of music by Liszt. Sailing in and out, up and down it, is like following the lines of an old Venetian globe; now you are in the stars and now in *terra incognita*; now among constellated dragons, now meandering along the twisted Indies. Half the day and night we seemed to be pursuing this will-o'-the-wisp voyage — rounding Cape Matapan, slipping by one lovely bit of sea-surrounded rock after another, catching up with other vessels and then leaving them far behind, prolonging our walks and talks and

music far into the moonlit night, for the silver spectre of the half-moon hung over the Peloponnesus and dogged us as it did the Ancient Mariner. All day Monday we passed over familiar ground — or, rather, water : Zante, Paxo, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Santa Maura ; and lastly, late in the night, reached Corfu, under the same serene, sterile moonlight. The indescribable beauty of the Ionian Islands need not be dwelt on again.

I took a boat and landed, and am now “inued” (as Chaucer says) in the gray old Hôtel St. Georges, waiting for the Brindisi steamer. This steamer sails to-morrow afternoon. I am glad we stopped at Corfu. Those who do not land here have little idea of its beauty, unrivaled as the sea-glimpse of it is. The gray rocks, the tropical vegetation, the tangled and tumultuous line of mountain that so delightfully bewilders the eye as it vainly attempts to follow its sinuosities ; the picturesque Albanian crags opposite, some with villages grove-embowered and gleaming ; the long curves and expanses of lovely blue water ; the drives, the walks, the soft and saintly purples of the mountains, bright with an infinite poesy, the world of graceful water and fertile land, — make up one of the richest pictures of insular and oriental life. The coloring of the houses is so mellow, and such a relief after the painful whiteness of new Athens ! There are,

too, numerous traces of the four hundred years' Venetian occupation, in the quaint Venetianized architecture; the narrow, winding streets spanned by arches; the graceful bell-towers, with their time-worn clocks outside; the embrasured windows, lofty houses, tiny gardens of orange and ilex, and traces of sculptured portals. The town is all huddled together in a sort of valley between the Fortezza Nuova and the ancient, double-peaked citadel. These double peaks gave the ancient name (Corcyra) to the place. I have not noticed even one respectable-looking shop, but all is delightfully cramped, huddled, and old-fashioned. About one half the buying and selling seems to be done in the streets. One comes on a perfect nest of cobblers working in these streets, gossiping, mending, working, laughing, eating. Then a den of a café (*καφενεῖον*) hangs out its sign in Greek and Italian, and bids you come in and enjoy its delights. The whole town seems given up to the sale of fruits — glorious oranges with pieces of the green limb still clinging to them, pine-apples, pears, peaches, melons. Then one comes on cheese-shops full of white *zimoto* cream-cheeses — cheeses yellow, green, fresh, and fragrant. There is the usual quantum of Romaic *παντοπωλεία*, or groceries filled with gastronomic curiosities. Then succeed long Bolognese arcades, labyrinthine *ὁδοί*, or alleys,

with lines stretched across, full of newly-laundried clothes, the painted blue-and-white arch of a Byzantine chapel, a slender silhouette-like Italian campanile, all mellowness and mossy beauty, a pile of steep-gabled *cinque-cento* houses, a cluster of twisted, convoluted chimneys, a bit of ruined, lichen-covered wall, a palace with a statue in front, a gate whose arch and classic balustrade frame exquisite pictures of sea and mountains, an ancient inn with a belfry and window-embrasures green and gay with geraniums, a turreted parapet looking down on the brightest wine-like water, a group of cypresses, a moat, and a grand crag full of dismantled fortifications. Such is an epitome of this town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Unrivalled drives lead out from it into the country on various sides, — the One-Gun Battery, Benizze, Coruna, the Oak, San Pantaleone, — not to speak of the countless interesting bridle-paths that scatter and scamper over the fields and hills in all directions. Then there is life here. All the steamers east and west make this their calling-place. The English have civilized the country in point of roads, though not of currencies. It is but twelve hours across to Brindisi, and one is thus freed from the sad isolation of continental Greece. The country is kept green by rain. The perpetual neutrality of Corfu, established when the English

gave up their protectorate of the Ionian Islands, conduces to a feeling of prosperous tranquillity. Intensely Greek as are the Corfiotes, they are too wise not to take advantage of this admirable state of things, and get rich and independent as soon as possible. After their singularly varied and stormy history, beginning with the revolt mentioned by Thucydides, this lull is just what they wanted. One sees beggars, but perhaps they are constitutionally such, for the island is still what Xenophon, three hundred and fifty years before Christ, described it; a paradise of fertility. Perhaps, therefore, the beggars are the conscientious or the constitutional ones. The money one gives them clinks in their pockets with other moneys they have harvested in other rounds — is, perhaps, even kept to give you change.

The Hôtel St. Georges, where I am staying (the *grand* Hôtel St. Georges, no matter how small!), is a very funny old affair, full of cuddies and corners, canary-birds in cages, innumerable pots of blooming flowers lining the staircases and entries, mirrors and slices of mirrors throwing your silvered elongation into half-mystified distances; with, too (positively), a mosquito-net on the little brass bedstead in my room. It fronts the esplanade and its rich shade trees, where I hear the cicadæ singing as they do in our dear

land, and where the nurses and babies play all day long in the heavy-lidded sunlight. This esplanade is just the spot for that "beautiful but baneful influence of classic reverie" of which Disraeli speaks; that sweet meditation which takes us back to Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, Actium, and Lepanto. One can sit on the benches under the elms and plane-trees and dream delightful dreams of ancient poets and philosophers, reconstruct Plato's Republic, listen to the eloquent talk of Socrates, glance down the coast of Elis, and repeople it with the mighty song of Pindar. The *tsitzirbos* sing so lazily in the sunny air; a far steamer, faint in the sea and morning light of the horizon, creeps stealthily into greater and greater clearness as you gaze over to the grand Acroceraunian crags; the gray citadel, rising as it does from clustering churches, looks luminously dim in this azure incandescent air, and might tell you delightful *contes* of the doges and the pashas; cooling winds blow in from the plate-glass sea and stir mellifluously among the thicket of scarlet geraniums that faces the antique lion of St. Mark's, carved in the wall of the castle-moat. Looking on this eloquence of sunlight and perfume and perfect sea and air, one is bewitched as with the Lamia-gaze of some dazzling serpent. I cannot think of a more charming place than Corfu in the summer — full of game,

fish, and fruit; full of the gentle murmurs of poetic antiquity; full of grace, scenery, and quaintness. Yesterday evening the full moon burst from behind the Epirote mountains, at first like the brilliant glistening crimson of a huge pomegranate that has burst its bell and revealed the scarlet beauty of its seed; then more and more like some wonderful flower, as it rose and rose until it hung on tiptoe on the sharp mountain-edge, then slipped into the starry ether in luminous serenity. How weird Castrades, and the pallid sun-shotten water, and the looming castle looked, under the amber symphonies of this fairy light! In the evening, at six, I leave by the *Sultan* from Smyrna for Brindisi. We have had a slight shower, which has suffused the arid silvery air with moisture, and left behind the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" in clouds.



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